

Tour

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JOURNAL
OF A
Tour with the Bishop of Huron
(DR. CRONYN)
IN THE
North-West of Upper Canada,
SEPT. 27—OCT. 16, 1865,
BY
COLONEL A. G. BURROWS, R.A.

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JOURNAL OF A TOUR WITH THE BISHOP OF HURON.

1865. 27th Sept.—Left London, with Bishop and Mrs. Kerr, by Great Western 11.55; band of XVIth playing off. Arrived at Hamilton about 3.30; met Col. Mountain there, spoke of Volunteers and Artillery. Arrived Toronto at 5.30. View of Lake at Hamilton. Drove up to Rebecca's. Dinner. We were awoke at 5.30 this morning (28th Sept.), and after a hearty breakfast, started at 25 mins. to 7 for Northern Railway, but the Bishop, on looking at the parcels, discovered his robes were absent, so we had to drive back, and if it had not been for the swift trotting of the Blake's mare we should have been late, but getting into the track of the cars, the station was soon reached, though we had to enquire the way. Mr. Marsh was there ready, and we started at 7 a.m. for Collingwood, in the Georgian Bay. It lies at the southern part of the bay, which forms one of the grand arms or bays of Lake Huron. I travelled on this line before with S. Blake, when we went up to fish at Orillia, and spent a day pleasantly, though we had rather a storm crossing the Lake Couchiching; when I found myself in a canoe, while Sam and Skeff were in a tub of a boat not half as safe, as they hugged the shore and floundered about after a man who showed them the road back to Orillia, while I got into the town by water; the Indian and his son brought me and our fish on shore, and showed me up to Mr. Robinson's. We went this route as far as Bell Ewart, where the steamer takes up for Orillia. Here the train trended off to the N.W., and we passed through the Lefroy Station, where our cousin has some property I believe, and the place was called after him. Along the whole of this N. shore one sees good signs of cultivation. The stations are pleasant and well kept, and the people are not very countrified, but like those who live near a great city. Pleasant stories from the Bishop beguiled the time—amongst them that of the mumps and of Mr. Hutchinson's adventure when he fell into a ditch. He is the clergyman of the district, and having to do duty at this time, they had to furnish him with such gear as could be had. The trousers were too short, only reaching below the knee, and

were in color blue, so whenever the gown or surplice disclosed the state of affairs by blowing open, you may imagine the figure our kind friend made. He is a spare, elderly man, not prepossessing; and from his large family and small stipend he is unable to provide much for outward adorning. There is a kindness and simplicity about him which is refreshing, and he is so easily taken in that little practical jokes are likely to be played. The Bishop and the clergy have many little stories to tell, of which poor Mr. Hutchinson is the hero. One is of his alarm at his finding what he calls a bear jumping one dark night on the back of his horse while he was riding along. No marks appear, and as bears and wolves are very scarce, it is surmised that it was a doubtful case. We brought a good many tracts with us, and I found it best to begin at once at one end of the train and go down the whole. Most seemed glad to have them, and one elderly well-dressed gentleman called out to us that his tract was excellent, nothing could be better. As mine were exhausted I went to the Bishop's bag and took out more tracts. I also went into the car marked "For ladies and their attendants," in which there were several men, amongst others Rev. Mr. Marsh and his brother-in-law, Judge Boyd, who got out of the train at Richmond Hill Station. The only rebuff I got was from an old gentleman who called me and said he did not like to have a tract, and threw it out of the window, where it very likely did good; for the Bishop set us the example of throwing a few out that they might be picked up. I had a quiet argument with this old gentleman, and said it was like saying that another person had a disease of which he was not aware. He began to speak of Dunkin's Bill, and whether people were going to vote for it. I spoke of the tendency of trusting to one's own strength, as so many had failed in taking the pledge. He agreed to this, and we parted good friends; perhaps he was a Roman Catholic. We should pray as each tract is given that blessing may be imparted and opposition removed. One gentleman from the Sault St. Marie was glad to be introduced to the Bishop, and told of Jesuit doings at the Sault, and of a Protestant minister being put out of his house because an Indian path had passed through (eight years a right).

At 12.30 we got to Collingwood, a small but cheerful looking place, but no beauty about the coast or harbour, which is formed by an artificial breakwater, and which has lately been cut in two by a gale of wind raising the high lake waves. Mr. Hutchinson met us and conducted us to the hotel. After a time we were shewn to dinner, and had some pleasant talk about our tour. About two we all were conducted to two carriages, in which we started, driven by our host for the night, from which I am writing

this, Mr. Shore, a substantial farmer and a good supporter of Mr. Hutchinson's church. The latter went in another vehicle, driven by a well-to-do sort of person, who turned out to be a Polish Jew, and wife a Protestant. The Blue Mountains were before us, which we never get in Upper Canada. We admired the lakes, and longed for a bathe. It was very warm, and on arrival at the mountain inn we halted for a time. A respectable hill covered with wood towered above it. Here the horses were watered, and much the poor animals seemed to enjoy it. Bucket after bucket did not satisfy them. If drunkards would but take a lesson from them as to fondness for water! The mountain was in process of clearing, and you could see terraces or stages down the sides, which looked like the gradual receding of the lake, which perhaps was once well up the mountain. We went on our way, and arrived at the place where Shale oil used to be made, but the cheapness of the coal oil has superseded it. The remains of the refuse shale were about, and on alighting we walked to the spot from whence it was obtained, and got some specimens of the Trilobites, which abound in such extraordinary profusion that each thin layer as it breaks from the shale contains a number of the impressions of the butterflies, which they appear most to resemble. How or when all this work took place who shall say? Geologists may settle the thousands of years at their leisure, for no one can contradict them. Whether the oil comes from the congealed or petrified bodies of these animals, or not, who can determine?

29th September.—We passed some deer hounds on the road. The deer are hunted in this neighbourhood, and are driven towards the lake from the forests, where they are found. The animals often take to the water, and if not shot by the hunter lying in wait will swim out to great distances, sometimes out of sight. One will never forget the old Hadley tradition of the deer caught after a long chase in the Hay's pond, and I believe the story goes that the big round tears crossed one another down his melancholy nose, in true Shakesperian style. On our journey we saw great breaks in the forest on each side of the road, made by fires and windfalls. The latter are great raids or incursions made by high winds into the forest, and which sweep down the trees—one helping to push down another. It is a great thing that something is done by Nature to help poor feeble man in clearing his way and preparing ground whereon to cast the seed, for the thickness of the forest, as to the number more than as to the size of the trees, must be seen to be appreciated. The closeness of the stems to each other causes them to grow up straight and more free from boughs than if more apart, and when fire or wind-falls come they are in consequence more easily devastated and

thrown down. It is not a pleasing sight to behold the scathed and withered trunks distorted and thrown about, or standing stark up like so many fearful skeletons left to moulder in the solitudes through which you pass. Every now and then the traveller sees great broad roots, mingled with soil, cast up before him. These are quite flat at the bottom, and having no tap root. This is because they are so close together. Trees growing separate, as in forests, according to our romantic idea of them, with broad glades and green swards at intervals between, where the deer can play and the arrow glance from the tree at some king as he passes, these noble forest trees have a tap root. Not so with the slim, precise, uncrinolined trees of the American woods. They do not need it, as they all hold one another up from their closeness to each other. Thus Nature always has a good reason for everything. Sometimes these dead bodies, with their feet towards you, start up again in a ghostly fashion, and it is in this way: trees have fallen with the roots in the air, as described, but the axe or the fire, perhaps, cuts the trunk in two, and then up flies the part nearest the root, which, being no longer balanced by the long stem, springs suddenly to life, and returns to its old bed in the soil; not to life though as to growth, for the whole arboreal fabric has been long dead. Oh, how should we seek spiritual life! how awful to be dead in sin, and "too late" to be sounded in the ears! Before leaving the Shale, which is in this neighbourhood, I may mention that the oil is got from it in the usual way, by burning the material and subjecting it to the distilling process through pipes. The oil is afterwards refined. The rock or coal oil, which is now so universal, and which has superseded the shale, is much less expensive to prepare for use, being already in the shape of oil from the interior of the earth. Do not, however, imagine that it is like olive oil, thick and sticky. When mixed with impurities it is like dirty water, but when purified and fit for use it resembles pure water, and might be mistaken for it. The discovery of rock or coal oil is one of the greatest boons Providence has blessed man with in these latter days. Poor people can afford to have light of an evening, and that of a cheerful bright kind, instead of the dim, dirty tallow dip. While driving on this day, we fancied we saw in the water of the lake some moving objects by the shore, but were obliged to make it only the semblance, as it was the water playing over a rock. The number of stones and boulders was something astonishing. I thought them, perhaps, to be only by the roadside, but they pointed out to me how that they were scattered through the forest as far as the eye could see. How wonderful if they have been brought by mighty icebergs. This is the supposition, and there

is no other plausible one. They are chiefly of granite, and some are of great size. I was not so much struck with the beauty of this country as I was led to expect, but then they did not, for some reason, drive by the most interesting route. It was pretty warm, and Jane's little threadbare umbrella was of some use in shielding the sun from the Bishop's eyes. Next day it was near doing us much harm, as we shall see. The path, for it could not be called a road, diverged from the lake in a westerly direction, and it soon became very bad, so that we surged up and down in the mud-holes like ships in a storm. Our companion, the Polish Jew, was not so well used to the country; however, he got his pair of horses on very well, and was never far behind Mr. Shore, who led the way. At last, after passing through "clearings," some of them progressing, others abandoned, from idleness or want of capital, and at times skirting the prosperous homestead, yet not presenting as yet the appearance of "comfort," we arrived at the farm of our host, Mr. Shore. This was also on the rough; he has been there 15 years, and has held his own, but unless he has good stores of dollars in some bank one would not infer from the first look of things that he had made a very good thing of farming. However, we must not look on matters with old country eyes, and expect the park paling, the neat cottage covered with roses, and the trim fields of dear England. Here was a rough but substantial farmhouse, made of logs with the interstices filled up with mortar, and ragged ill-kept garden in front, a trough and large barrel for making lye from ashes, while the prospect from the cottage door gave you the continual Canadian forest on all sides, with fields more or less cleared from stumps, separated from one another by the untidy, yet useful, snake fence. We had time to look about us before tea, which was hospitable and ample. The hostess was a hardworking, silent, but active person, with her half-dozen children all in good order, and no doubt well educated, but the Canadian children do not show much for their education; they are silent and well-conducted, but not perhaps what you would call engaging; neither can you call them, or the ladies either, exactly pretty; they are healthy, fresh, English-looking, with fine busts and strong persons. The females in this country rather hurt their appearance by the little round hats they wear, which hardly becomes their broad, honest faces, and rather high cheek bones, as much as the good old-fashioned modest bonnet would do. After tea we had prayers, reverently conducted by the Bishop, with the whole family assembled, and an honest serving man besides. As the evening wore along it was not quite clear how the sleeping was to be done. There were two little bedrooms

leading out of the sitting room where we were. The people of the house seemed to have left us, and the question of the day was, "Which is to be my bedfellow?" The Bishop and I for one room, Mr. Marsh and old Mr. Hutchinson for the other, seemed the natural division; but no, nothing would induce the latter to sleep anywhere but on the sofa in the large room, which seemed to us humility; and so the good man meant it, no doubt, but it turned out to be the best. After much laughter, we decided on letting the Episcopal dignity be by itself in one of the rooms—the best—while Mr. Marsh and I took the other. When we had got quietly away, the people of the house stole in and made up Mr. Hutchinson's bed on the sofa, and we heard no more of him until the morning; not so with us. The night was warm, and our room was close, and the bed creaked so, that not a move could be made without a sort of crash that must have been heard afar. I will not say the bed had inhabitants, but somehow there was no sleep for me. Then Mr. Marsh got restless, and then we heard the Bishop make sundry groans, that showed the nightmare of his feather bed and close room was also telling upon him somewhat. Afterwards we got on better, and when we all met at breakfast next morning it looked as if we had rested pretty well on the whole. The Bishop began chaffing us at the noise we made with the creaking and talking, and we joked about the nightmare. Our dear old friend had nothing to remark, simply because he had fared the best of all of us. In due time the whole party started for church, the host driving us, and the mistress of the house following on horseback, with a little colt running alongside, which, you know, could not leave its mother, of course not, but how funny this would look in Rotten Row. Mr. Hutchinson rode by the side of the lady. I wonder why they have not retained the good old-fashioned pillion in Canada. Mr. Hutchinson's horse had not much more work in him, having done many long missionary journeys, while his master cut a singular figure, being very spare and thin, and his hat and coat dilapidated. Poor dear man, he has a very large family, still, I have had it early impressed on me that ministers should dress "respectable," and ventured, while giving our old friend (for Jane and I knew him at Kingston, and entertained him for several days) a little help, to suggest that a new head-piece would be desirable.

On our journey we had fine country on each side of us, but the roads, as before, very bad. The people can be obliged to turn out *en masse* to repair roads. This is called statute work, and six hours a day can be required. Those who have money compound for this duty by paying a certain tax. The Cordu Roy

roads are just rough logs laid across. Sometimes logs are first laid as sleepers, but this is not a good plan. On the logs is generally placed some road stuff, or gravel, but they are, of course, from use fearfully rough, until a serious effort is made by the whole county or township to turn one of these Cordu Roy bone-crushing roads into what is called a gravel road. These are really good, and perhaps better than our macadamised ones. The gravel, or road stuff, seems to bind better and to be softer and pleasanter to drive over. We passed along some of these near Bayfield, Clinton, &c., in the county of Huron, and they were a delightful contrast to those in the more uncivilised regions through which we had gone. The county raise funds for new roads by issuing debentures, such as I employ for investments.

We had not got far this morning till we came to a tremendous steep hill, in the midst of which one of the horses, a half-broken three-year-old, and hardly that, began to think of running away, and part of the harness gave way at the same moment. They have some awkward mode of attaching the breeching to the belly-band, and the hook slipped out. Here was a pretty business, but Mr. Shore gave them their heads and drove along pretty hard to the bottom of the hill. They thought afterwards that my little umbrella, which the Bishop was holding up to keep the sun away from his eyes, was the cause of the horse starting, as he folded it up about that time. At the bottom of the hill was a bridge over a river, and stumps on each side of the road. Mr. Shore flogged on his horses, and up a rise on the other side of the bridge, and now came another steep descent, with a conveyance half way up it meeting us. Here I thought it no harm to get out while going down the hill, after all that had occurred; but I wish I had not done so, for it has been made a story of by the Bishop, as if I was afraid. Truly an Irishman would prefer galloping down a hill with his linch-pin out, and shaft nearly in two, but I do not see why an Englishman may not choose to go down on his own legs, if his taste leads him that way. After some time we arrived at Clarksburg, a thriving village or half town, with a brawling river running through it—the Beaver,—the best fishing ground, perhaps, in all Canada West, but so distant and unattainable by the civilised world that it is comparatively little frequented, although even here the word “mill” is not a pleasant one to fishermen, as it disturbs the quiet and solitude of a real fishing stream. I could not help wishing that I was in circumstances to try my luck at this river, though no very expert hand. This is the only sort of sporting that I have been thrown much in the way of, and but little have I had in Canada, considering what a fine country it is considered for it. The charm

of wandering by lonely picturesque rivers and lakes, catching fine fish, and camping out at night, under the direction and guidance of the Indians, is attractive, but then is not the employment of the time in trying to do good to precious souls more useful and attractive, and worthy of our devotion of the spare time required for recreation, to a nobler purpose? So that while gaining rest for body and mind by change of scene, and beholding the glorious works of God, we may be of some substantial benefit to our fellow-creatures at the same time. Life is short, there are few workers in God's vineyard, and in looking back on this life how will it rejoice the believer to think of souls converted to God by his instrumentality and relief given to bodily suffering, or to those in need of necessary support, particularly to those who are "the least of these my brethren." In such cases we lend unto the Lord, and "have done it unto *Me*." The field is open to one's own efforts in Canada. There is no one to say us nay. Parishes do not bother you, but on the other hand the district visitor meets with but cold comfort and support from those who ought to be cheering him on in his efforts. "Faint praise" has been emphatically denounced as more damaging sometimes than actual opposition, and such alas is the state of things in Canada. Lay efforts are not as a rule encouraged by ministers of any denomination, and, as may be supposed, they do not themselves visit much among the masses of the people. Pew-holders and church members have some attention but not the masses of non-church and chapel goers, not the tavern-keepers and frequenters, not the houses of ill-fame, in short, what St. Paul calls preaching the Gospel "from house to house," for which he claims that he was free from the blood of all men (Acts xx. 20, 26). This is passed over and neglected.

We found at Clarksburg a neat little church, but not quite finished; planks laid across, chunks of wood instead of forms, and no attempt at pews, which, by the way, is no great loss. The Bishop gave us, as usual, one of his excellent sermons, which, I believe, are purely extemporaneous, and that he does not even settle what text he preaches from until a short time previously. The service on these occasions is long, and often we have the Communion besides. The Bishop's address to those confirmed is, in fact, a second sermon; however, the tone he gives to it is instructive, and I fear an exception to the usual view taken by Bishops. The Confirmation Service, in my humble opinion, wants some reform, as do the other Services of our Prayer-book. The authoritative declaration that all these young people are born again, merely because they profess it, and that in cases when the minister does his duty, that he can speak hopefully of them, is

not according to God's Word ; so in the Baptismal Service, etc., taking people on the profession is the fruitful source of evil in our Church, and no doubt to some extent in other churches, only that they take more pains to ascertain if such profession is founded on reality. In this diocese I really believe that many of the clergy do try not to receive young persons for confirmation until they show signs of being influenced by God's grace, but how is it in other dioceses ? Candour must confess that this is not the case, and when young people can show that they understand the rite, and their outward conduct is correct, that then they are usually brought forward. Also let anyone who knows the young people in any church of *this* diocese say whether he or she can conscientiously say that all these young people standing before the table are or are not drawn by the Spirit to any spiritual change of heart. True, the Bishop of Huron, as aforesaid, does guard this point in his address, and shows that all is done by the Church, that man cannot know the heart, &c., and that it rests with them whether they are truly seeking God, or no. But why have such a form as that in our Service ? It tends to lull in false security. "Defend, O Lord, this Thy servant, that he or she may *continue* Thine for ever;" beautiful words for the youthful believer, even though he be but as the smoking flax, but not applicable to others, and therefore I say, alter the form.

After the Service at Clarksburg, I gave tracts to those confirmed as they came out, and to the whole of the small congregation as far as possible. This I do at all the country churches we visit. The people seem to be thankful for them and not to be well supplied ; how should they when the ministers do not trouble themselves about tract distribution any further than taking some that they get from the Bishop in their pockets when they go abroad among their people. This is exceeding well, but it is not what is called tract distribution, which involves systematic and well sustained efforts by the combination of all the churches in a town and neighbourhood.

We adjourned to the house of a Mr. Marsh, a father and married son living together, and the principal people of the place. I found a large and well kept garden, the especial creation of the old gentleman. After the rough untidy domain of Mr. Stone, it was refreshing to see a garden showing signs of real care and taste. A capital summer-house was at the end of one of the walks, and some old trunks of trees were well arranged and decked out with moss and creepers. Some clean and thriving mangel-wurzel occupied the declivity of a small hill, and at the bottom was a purling stream prettily led among water cresses and fresh green turf ; in short, here was a garden in its proper

sense; perhaps in uniting what we call a kitchen garden and Lust-garden, as the Germans render our word pleasure garden.

This is somewhat old-fashioned in England, though doubtless you see such attached to good ancient farm and country houses in the dear old home of our fathers—such for instance, in that antique house and homestead, with its turf walks instead of grass, near Shoeburyness, where I used to be hospitably entertained,—this gentleman farmer, whose name I am ashamed not to be quite able to recall (I think it was Maffin, or something near it), being a friend of Henry's friends the Heygates, of Southend. He was a worthy man. A few years after, his place was destroyed by fire, and some of our bad men behaved very badly there. I remember how the shot and shell used to whistle past his house, which was not a great way from the line of range. Oh! those early Shoebury days in 1850; they were like the romantic early times of Hadley, and Ireland in some respects. We officers were made a good deal of in those days. The evening was spent at Mr. Marsh's and I was provided with a bed at a Mr. Lyne's, a manufacturer of pearlsh, a profitable business throughout the country. I was lodged in evidently the best room which communicated with the dining-room, and where I found books to read till bedtime, having had some conversation with my host first. The lady did not show at all, being not I believe in good health. Mr. Lyne is a young man and used to take part in Sunday schools, tract distribution, &c. This is the note everywhere I go. It is astonishing how religious efforts fall off in Canada. The deadness that prevails is sad, yet doubtless not to be compared to what it was in former days. Be this as it may, the efforts of doing good are spasmodical and I fear not so efficient as about eight or nine years ago, when Canada took part in what we call the general revival, though owing to the High Church tone of the country it did not make great way. *Now* the dollar seems to bear sway, and even good men "have not time," and where either ministers or people have a little to spare it is pleaded that they have their own denomination, meetings, and so forth, and can do no more.

At Mr. Marsh's we conversed upon the oil question, and the bishop gave his theory of how the oil came to this country, a problem which is trying the science of the folks on the American continent. Here we find and in Pennsylvania vast reservoirs of oil—no one ever heard of them before—and they are like the richest mines of gold and better than the precious and deceitful metal, as the oil suggests industry, light, and advancement; but how came the oil into these vast receptacles which being tapped here and there have yielded their 250, 300, and 500 barrels per day, causing untold wealth to flow into the coffers of the lucky proprietors.

The Bishop says that the coal in the great coal fields of Michigan has been subjected by the grand alchemist processes of nature, to enormous pressure and heat, which has caused a natural distillation of the coal oil, as we know that we can in this way ourselves obtain it from coal; then it flows through the fissures of the limestone, under the lakes and the vast extent of the country that intervenes, into these rocky cavities by boring into which we now get the famous coal oil sold in every little shop and transported to Europe, and which is making almost a revolution in the regions of darkness. Some, on the other hand, say that the oil is not a vegetable production, but the exudation of enormous animal deposits. To favour this theory the shale before spoken of is adduced, in which you see the petrified impression of the trilobites and the countless multitudes of creatures once evidently in existence and life. Our friends the Marsh's spoke of Clarksburg with an honest pride as having eight years ago been only uncleared bush. This I hear everywhere in this country, and Mr. Mulholland, who has been longest of any in these parts, speaks of Owen Sound 15 years ago as wild bush, and that is old compared to the part we are now in. Some cloth mills are in Clarksburg, but not working, the owners having become bankrupt; the place otherwise has a stirring well-to-do appearance. In the morning Mr. Lyne and I breakfasted together early, and we began to look out for the Bishop and the rest of the party who were to pass the door and to take me up en route for Meaford. They did not come however, so I strolled into the ash yard and saw something of the process how the black, liquid stuff obtained from the lye is placed in great cauldrons and heated till lumps of coke-looking material are obtained. These are heated in a large furnace or oven, which causes a substance of a lighter nature to be produced. This is mixed with water and subjected again to heat till the impurities pass off by evaporation; the residuum is left to cool, and again mixed with water and refined. The intermediate condition is called "grey ash," and the last is termed "pearl ash," from its white pearl-like colour. This is placed in clean barrels, like flour barrels, and shipped to the States, England, and other parts of Canada. The abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty with the States will much injure the exportation of pearl-ash, as well as other Canadian produce. Mr. Marsh was very pressing on the Bishop to send another minister to that part. Dear old Mr. Hutchinson is rather past his day. He was once with the Methodists, and when he offered himself to the Bishop he did not say about his immense family. His Lordship was a little taken in here. However, he has been seven years in our Church, and has been active in getting three

churches built in his too extensive district. When Mr. Hutchinson came down to Kingston on his begging trip we aided him as far as possible, giving him a subscription, and, privately, the names of people likely to help. We also took him in for bed and board. The old gentleman had an illness in our house, and one used to hear his moans. Mrs. Moore and Jane doctored him, but Dr. Adsetts gave him some real relief, for which he seems always grateful. Sir F. Williams gave him a handsome donation at Montreal. We now were worshipping in the churches built from these begging excursions. The Bishop has a story that Mr. Hutchinson speaks humbly of himself, and in public bewailed that he had broken all the commandments but the one, "Increase and multiply." A matter of fourteen, or more, has been the number of his home flock, but of late four of them have been taken from him. A certain simplicity and the true Irish brogue interests and amuses you, and he is a godly old disciple. I got tired of waiting for the party, and walked up towards the house, after talking a little to the postmaster and giving a few tracts. I might have done more in the interval. The carriage was just leaving the Marsh's when I came up, so up I mounted, and we drove along a rather bad road to Meaford, through Thornbury. It was a somewhat disagreeable morning; the desolate fire-scarred and white skeleton trunks of trees again hemmed each side of the road, and I was informed of the proper way of clearing land, that these fires and windfalls were not great helpers to the farmer, who proceeds in a regular way, cutting down trees by the axe so as to make them fall as much as possible in the same direction. He piles them in stacks and heaps and sets them on fire. Coming as one does from large cities, where wood is valuable, for in Montreal it is about eight dollars a cord, it looks strange to see large heaps of wood destroyed because it would not pay to take it away. However, so it is, and the fuel which would gladden many a poverty-stricken house has to be consumed without giving benefit to anyone. Is there not an illustration here? Precious opportunities are lost, and what we value little now, means of grace, &c., may some day appear of priceless value when unattainable. How the poor Montrealer would long for this wood when shivering over an expensive pittance of fire. So with Christian Communion, the Bible, Prayer, Public Ordinances,—many are deprived of them by sickness, persecution, and above all they may be dead in sin and know not the value of what would save their precious souls.

The natural course of destruction leaves these trees all higgledy-piggledy, or, as the Irish say, "feniahalia," and to extricate and cart away the *debris* is more trouble and expense

than can be imagined. We passed several patches of ground where the woodcutter had cleared in the way above described, and soon he will have the ground free from obstruction and fit for sowing. The fall wheat, which, if he thinks it worth while, is placed in the ground in the autumn. This is the best wheat, and brings the highest price. The seed remains in the ground through the winter, and has spring and summer to mature, but generally they do not sow for the first time in this manner, but, wanting a quicker produce, and not having capital, it is all they can do to clear the land one year and the following spring to sow the wheat; this is called the "spring wheat." In some places we found the squatter on the land had not been careful to cut down his wood in an orderly, scientific manner, so the wood lay about at sixes and sevens, and will cost him much more to clear. Surely "Order is Heaven's first law!" Strange, however, that this very law should be perverted and carried to extremes by poor erring man. I mean as regards formalism in religion, and that Procrustean way of viewing the practices of other Christians, that nothing but what is forged upon our own anvil can, in the opinion of many, be pleasing to God. Such is not His way. How wonderful the variety in the midst of the very order of which we speak. Ah! and exceptions as well as variety. No one leaf is like another; nor one character: so to reason from analogy, one mode of worship does not suit all classes any more than one climate all constitutions; and yet how beautiful the union that exists in all God's works, obeying as they do one grand principle and law, pervading all space and every corner, however minute, of the animal and vegetable creation, and that of the shining worlds that roll in burning splendour round the mysterious centre of the universe. Such union in the midst of variety is what I should like to see among religious denominations. It is useless to say there should be one outward Church. It is Utopian, after all that has occurred in the history of the Christian religion, nor does it appear from the Christian Dispensation, as announced in the New Testament, that such uniformity is commanded. It was so under the Mosaic, but our Lord, in His conversation with the woman of Samaria, and by the whole tenor of His teaching, indicated that such uniformity was only the preparation for the inward union and oneness that His Church was to exhibit; but why not union in essentials, which, indeed already exists, but is not manifested, acknowledged, and practically acted upon, while diversity in worship, Church government and other non-essential matters, might be peacefully and kindly kept up, each Church by itself, like ships of different uses and purposes; some large, some small, some for sailing, some for

steam, some for war, others for commerce or pleasure, but all have to obey the same grand principles that regulate those who pass over the waters of this world. There is one course to be pursued or avoided in order to prevent collision, one mode of steering by the great compass which resembles the Bible pointing to heaven, the same necessity to look out for and prepare for storms, which are like the afflictions of life, one and the same need of watchfulness and experience in order to gain the port; one narrow, earnest looking-out, lest precious bodies and souls are engulfed in the fathomless abyss that yawns so near us. I hear some say who should know better, "How can what is *essential* be determined? Shall, for instance, those who object to the high doctrines of election, and say perfection can be reached, and that believers can fall away; shall these Arminians share with us who believe the contrary? We Calvinists, shall we tolerate error? No, we would burn first." Well, to this spirit I say, You are mistaken. It depends on the sense in which these doctrines to which you object are held, and the language in which they are announced; we understand one another so little, our modes of education and our characters are so different, that if you would unite as proposed, by praying together on certain occasions, and then acting together in trying to convert souls, you would both find that there was more sympathy between you than you imagined, and that you were more likely to correct what is really wrong in your brother by this loving mode, than by keeping aloof, ignoring one another, and believing half-joking, half-real stories to each other's detriment. Do not mind because now and then a cross-grained hot, injudicious person says that which hurts your dignity, treads on your toes, and is not favorable to your Church. Look rather to the individuals who, if you seek for them, display the opposite temper and are really carrying out the precepts of the Gospel. Unite with them; let churches alone, do not abuse them; seek out individuals, and I say to the members of my own Church—If, you do this you will gain the day; you will have more influence and the leading place will be accorded to you. An application of this union principle might perhaps be found with regard to the education of Canada West. At present the much-vaunted Common School system teaches everything but religion. The Bishop of Huron (who superintends these schools here) may say in their defence that the Scriptures are read; mind you, only though where the trustees allow it; also that the books taught have a religious bearing; but as for any direct teaching of the kind there is none; and why? because the different denominations could not agree as to the doctrines and tenets to be inculcated. The Roman Catholics have their Schools separate and have a separate

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grant from Government. They are wise in their generation, as their system would soon fall on the principle that we Protestants follow. But why cannot we go on the right principle which these our brethren have perverted? They teach, no doubt, in the week-day all the perversions and errors of their faith, but why should we not instruct in what we deem and with the best of reason and proof to be the truth of God. Their system is so mixed up with superstition and idolatry that you can hardly distinguish the religion of a crucified Saviour, while we have been happily freed from all this and the great mass of Protestants, except Universalists and Infidels, are pretty well agreed as to the grand essentials of Christian doctrine. Now why should we not unite in these great essentials, and simply teach them to our children? The Evangelical Alliance provides the basis, and possibly for the purpose of education we might make that basis larger by leaving out a few of the points named in its programme, though I am not aware whether that is feasible, not having their Basis of Union before me. The Sunday Schools at present afford the only ready opportunity of teaching religion in this country and they are on the whole well attended and prosperous, but who that knows the working of Sunday Schools, the short time really given to instruction, the falling off arising from non-attendance of children, and that of the voluntary and sometimes inefficient teachers, would be bold enough to say that the masses are taught as they should be the tenets of their faith. In our Church the Catechism is not intelligible to the very young, and when learnt by rote and not explained in the Evangelical sense, how little good does it do! In other denominations I do not know exactly how they proceed; but I suspect that in our Church and in them, we shall not find that question and answer, and the diligent impartation of religious knowledge by those who are "apt to teach," is at all the order of the day.

Now as to the result of this state of things. I have of late been visiting on our plan of the City Mission, and have come across people a good deal and heard their sentiments when giving them tracts and entering a little into conversation when doing so. The infidelity that I have met with on these occasions is quite awful, some denying everything—Heaven, Hell, the Devil, the Bible, &c.; others not going so far but ripening towards it. Now this may also be due to other causes besides the system of education. An easy and popular method is to attribute much evil found in Canada to the States. This may be true to a certain extent, and yet my position be established, for the "Common School System" is borrowed from that country. The freethinking complained of, may also arise from the kind of independent,

money-loving, unsettled, uncared-for life people lead in Canada. There is scarcely any visiting of them by clergymen, except when sick. One person has told a clergyman and myself when visiting her that it was the first time for eleven years she had a minister in her house; another said the same for eight years. These cases were in the city of London.

When people come out from the old country they throw off the deference and regard paid to classes of society in a great measure. This independence, perhaps, is extended to religious matters; they gradually cease to attend the ordinances of religion, and then *facilis descensus averni*. If, however, religion was taught as I propose, the ignorance and carelessness that now prevails would be less, and while general knowledge would be extended as at present, as it is far more than at home, the blessed truths of the Gospel and the Bible would be at the same time impressed upon the minds, and perhaps the hearts, of the rising generation.

During this long digression we have more than arrived at the respectable town or village of Meaford. It is hard to say which term to adopt. Birmingham was a village for a long time after it had ludicrously outgrown its baby clothes. However, Canadian towns will not stand this sort of thing, and if I want a good bed and board in Meaford, I had better not call it a village. Why! is it not contending for the honor of being County Town of Grey County? Yes, it is, and though another is to bear the fair name, it does not, of course, yield the palm of superiority. We first drove through the town and along the sea-shore, for such we must call the banks of the gigantic Huron, until we arrived at Mr. Hutchinson's. We met Mrs. Hutchinson on the road, as it was already church time, but went on to the house, where coats and bags were deposited, and then we drove back to the church, a pleasant little structure, with a fair congregation waiting, but no white-robed noviciates. The Service went on, and, as usual, we had two excellent discourses from the Bishop, one of which was the address to those confirmed, and who do you think did they consist of? Why, one old man, and that a pensioner—I believe a Waterloo man. He stood the whole force of the address well, and like a man. On going out, I tried to elicit whether he was truly impressed, but it did not strike me that he was; however, we cannot tell. When asked where the others were, he answered with a sort of look of triumph that he did not know, as if he had the pluck to come, but he could not answer for them. I made bold to ask some girls why did they not come to be confirmed, and it seemed that they were prepared by Mr. Hutchinson, and supposed to come forward, but for some reason they did not. It

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is possible that the Methodist influence, which is strong, may have prevailed. The people talk among themselves of Confirmation, and while Church members are not active and devoted, those of other denominations are. This may be without the latter trying to bring over Church people, but only by free conversation on these debatable points. They gain the day because our people are so weak, not forthcoming at the proper time, or worldly, and do not care to enter on the argument. No doubt there is much effort made generally to bring over Church people, but their leaving us is as much owing to the laxity and worldliness of our own body as to the endeavours of dissenters, who have their faults likewise, and who, of course, have numbers of unfaithful professors among them. Still, if our Church was what might justly be expected of it, the aspect of affairs would be different, and even those who hold Evangelical views might take far more efficient means, and exert themselves much more than they do, cultivating at the same time more active love and charity to other denominations, especially towards these very Methodists, who have been useful as pioneers in Canada. In many out-of-the-way places, where the Church of England has not been able to establish itself for want of funds, the Methodists have managed to get on, to build a small school-house, where Sunday School is carried on, and probably a Service on the Sunday. In these country places the common Schools provide for secular instruction. In this way it is an excellent institution. Each township has its local management, and whatever else is found wanting you will always see the neat well-built school, to which the whole "country-side" resorts. The education is admirable, being conducted by trained teachers, and when the children at the Ward or Branch Schools are enough instructed they are drafted into the large Central one, when they still further advance until you would be quite surprised to find how much these children of the lower classes know of geography, grammar, arithmetic in its higher branches, and so on. Mr. Hutchinson told me it was very uphill work for him, that he has a number of churches to attend, and that the Methodists have ten ministers to one of our Church. The Bishop is sending a young clergyman to assist him. He will be at Clarksburg, where Mr. Marsh is so anxious for a minister. The music at the church at Meaford was perhaps the best conducted of any in our tour; there seemed to be some persons who understood it. After service I gave tracts to the people, and on returning to Mr. Hutchinson's we took of a substantial dinner—wild ducks and good fish were on the table; both are abundant here; and a fish was once caught weighing 73lbs. Miss Hutchinson produced some trilobites or pieces of shell containing

them, as we wished for some more specimens. They also showed us a bit of stone and cement from the Christian Islands, which are at some distance in the Georgian Bay, but not quite visible. This was from the remains of a fort taken and destroyed by the Indians from the Jesuits, who then were in possession.

Before leaving Mr. Hutchinson's Mission, I must say that he is more willing, perhaps, than any, to act on the Union principle. After seeing us at Kingston, he got his dissenting brethren to act with him in having an Union prayer meeting. It has fallen off, but he promised to make another effort and to establish, if possible, a Sunday School at Clarksburg. The steamer beginning to heave in sight that was to take us to Owen Sound, we started to walk along the lake shore to the landing, calling on a lady Mr. Marsh knew, by the way. After much delay, which I used in giving tracts, by the shore and on the wharf, we got on board the steamer, which was a large one, and had several passengers on board. They had had some rough weather coming from Collingwood that morning. This steamer scarcely pays, and, as the captain is a respectable, affable, and superior sort of man, people seem to regret it. An excursion the previous day, when a good many went by him to Owen Sound, to see H. Lester walk the rope, is supposed to have set him up a little. He had to contribute himself pretty well. The coast was not dull, though not very striking, but on nearing the head of the Sound the coast became bold and well-wooded. The captain, in conversation with the Bishop and myself, produced a piece of the fort and strong cement above-mentioned. He said no such cement or mortar could now be found; the art was lost. After more than 100 years, there it was quite firm and fixed to the stone. I did not hear many particulars of this raid of the Indians on the Christian Islands, which, I daresay, were considered holy, or possessing some charm, or affording a place for the spiritual beings: like Alderney, near the French coast. A priest was on board, who kept at a good distance. We thought he might be connected with the suit we heard was to be tried at Owen Sound, about the land of the Protestant minister at the Sault referred to before. As we proceeded, they showed us the direction of Colpoy's Bay. This part of the Lake Huron seems to have borne on its bosom English Admirals of renown, by the names given. Lately, Sir H. Hope has been upon it, the Admiral in command in North America, when he was up this way the other day with General Sir J. Michel, Commander of the Forces. They were a party, and it seems made their way from Killarney, on the north side of the Georgian Bay, over through the country, to Lake Nipissing and so to the Ottawa, and down it from a part very

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high up, and where everything is in a very original state, and where the lumberer and fishermen reign supreme. We also saw the point of land in the bay near which that serious accident happened to the "Ploughboy" steamer, when her machinery gave way. They had to wait in a place of much danger from a lee shore until the mate had gone to Owen Sound and returned with help. Some of the ministers of the government were on board. There are sometimes bad accidents on these grand inland seas and the storms are terrific. In war, I suppose gunboats and war-vessels would be upon these waters, and probably were so in former days. At Collingwood they shewed us a large steamer that had been seized about the time of the expected raids, as a suspicious craft, and judgment had not yet been given. There was rain occasionally and a rainbow which improved the effect of the sunset. We now were getting into the Sound, and the two lines of coast gradually contracted till we found ourselves drawing near the town, though the darkness had come on and we could not make out the forms of surrounding objects. A small island was pointed out, above which we were told the "Algoma" could not go. She is a large boat of a very different stamp to our craft and able to encounter the storms of Lake Huron. Her trip is all the way to Chicago, and touching at all these places. Collingwood is her furthest point eastward. We had now arrived at the town of Owen Sound, and soon we discovered the Rev. Mr. Mulholland, the clergyman of the place, who had come down to meet the Episcopal party and to take us to his house in his carriage. He was kind and quite at home with us, and I was struck with the pleasant appearance of his turn-out: a good hooded carriage with two horses. Into this we all bundled, bag and baggage, and though raining soon found ourselves at the parsonage, and were welcomed by Mrs. Mulholland and her blooming, happy daughters. It was a large family and we were soon seated round the tea-table—a considerable party, as may be imagined. An elderly lady was also in the family, and a Mr. Pottinger, of the Commercial Bank, intimate with them, spent the evening. He proved to be my host, as the Mulholland's could not give me a bed. I went home with Mr. Pottinger, and he gave me a good bed and kind treatment, and I slept there three nights. Among other civilities he gave me some specimens of copper ore, or quartz with traces of copper, from the north shore of Lake Huron, as well as a few others. I must get them described. A lecture on this tour with a proper account of mines and other subjects of interest, might perhaps some day be given. We arrived at Owen Sound on Saturday evening, Sept. 30th, and next day we attended the church where the Confirmation was held

as usual. It is like a country church in Ireland, and many of the clergy being Irish, there is much of the tone of the Irish Church about things in this Diocese, except that the Roman Catholics not being active or inimical (though they steadily and quietly increase), there is not in the clergy any spirit of controversy or talk about conversions. We sat in a large pew *vis-à-vis*, and the dressed-up young women and a very few boys or young men, assembled round the Communion Table for the Confirmation. That afternoon I went and visited with tracts in the town, and went into one hotel and gave them to the men hanging about. This was after the Sunday School, when the Bishop addressed the few children and I afterwards spoke a little of the Hamilton Convention. In the evening there was Church Service again. A large Presbyterian chapel opposite Mr. Mulholland's house is well attended they say, and are liberal in their views to our Church. Next day the Bishop was driven by Mr. Mulholland to a Church in the township of Holland. I stayed at Owen Sound and visited the people and found out Mr. Rogerson at a store—a good man—and had a talk with a trader to the Indians. I found from Mr. Rogerson that there was a Mission by his Church (the Congregational) to the Indians on the North of Lake Huron. To this I was glad to subscribe, and he promised me a report, which has not yet arrived. He was favorable to the Alliance, but it seems our Church at any rate does not *there* enter into the principles of Union. He said Mr. Mulholland had withdrawn from the Bible Society, and I promised to ask him about it. I got into a talk with a Christian man in the store, who acted as an interpreter to the Indians, or rather was a trader among them, and knew several languages. He spoke of the difficulties in bringing the Gospel before them, but I tried to encourage him and that the Word should not return void. Mr. Pottinger gave me lunch, and with writing and visits to houses to give tracts and speak, I got on very well, till about 5, when we had a chop and adjourned to tea at the Rector's. The party returned about that time, having been along fearful roads and had to drive up almost a staircase, the hill was so steep. There was some laugh at me in escaping some of the worst hardships, as I managed to get out of a terrible rainy expedition on another occasion. Poor Mr. Marsh was a great sufferer from a boil, with which I could fully sympathise, having only just in time recovered from one, in time to go with the party. Mr. Marsh had to be doctored each night, but it is one of those things that no one knows how to treat, and Mr. Marsh appeared one morning with a woeful but ludicrous account of how the poultice that was to do duty under his arm slipped down, I know not where. The Bishop gave advice that

a nostrum for boils was shoemaker's wax, but Mr. Marsh said he had actually once tried it, but could not get it off again—and so one would think, with such a remedy as that! Mr. Mulholland was his regular doctor and each place we came to, he helped him in various ways, and on one occasion when we were too many for the host, they both walked off quite quietly to an hotel, leaving me in possession of one of the state rooms in the house. I did not fare always in this way, and had several times to go to an hotel, which of course was all right, seeing that it was a duty tour of the clergy, and I was only an interloper. We had a social party round the tea-table. The Bishop has many a pleasant anecdote to relate, and the clergy and he have generally some joke which they pass round from one to another. The ladies too seem part of the Mission, and except in one case appear to enjoy excellent health, which is essential in these new regions, where everyone has pretty well to shift for themselves.

Tomatoes are a favorite dish at this time of the year; one acquires a taste for them in eating them *au naturel*, though I prefer some vinegar with them. The abundance of the vegetables in Canada and the cheapness of meat, flour, and the necessities of life, make it a very moderate country to live in. Clothes are dear but good, managers use the cloth of the country, manufactured either by the farmers themselves or at mills in Canada. Poultry is very cheap, and were it not for the increase of price caused by the drain of everything to the States, people could live for almost next to nothing compared to home. The field and farm produce however goes off to Yankee-land by wholesale, and it appears as if no corresponding good was received in return. Of course the farmers get their dollars, but these are hoarded or invested in some way, not doing particular apparent benefit. There is no Reciprocity, but English goods are received much more than American. One does, in short, rather grudge all the good things—cattle, horses, pigs, &c., &c., going off as they do, raising our prices and taking away the best articles. It is strange that in spite of the abundant harvest, God having blessed Canada this year with a profusion of the fruits of the earth in every way, yet, that instead of cheapness and abundance or rather instead of the former, high prices rule the day and the poor are already looking aghast, to say nothing of all those who hold incomes of a stated character and who do not profit directly by the abundance of crops. The reason is that the markets at home and the States regulate the prices in Canada, and the cattle disease in England and a not too abundant harvest, together with the immense quantity of food required by the Southern States after the war, cause such a demand from countries that have an abundance, that prices rise accordingly.

Next day, Thursday, October 3rd, we assembled early to breakfast, *i.e.*, I did, for the Episcopal staff did not appear for some time after that mentioned in orders. It was raining hard, and we had rather a poor prospect of a day. However, by the time we had got under weigh the rain broke, and matters looked much better. Mr. Mulholland drove us, with his two well-matched iron greys, and we passed his glebe farm while ascending a hill, which gave us a general view of the Sound and the country. You do not, though, get extensive views of country in Canada; the lie of the ground is not favorable, being generally level, and the forests intercept. This has often disappointed me. The only really extensive landscape that I remember is from the mountain at Montreal, and I suppose about Queenstown heights. Quebec is not familiar to me. You have also a fine view from the top of the city buildings at Kingston, and pretty extensive from the cupola of the old Nunnery at London. Tracts were given along the road, and after some time we diverged into a very bad bit of road, which passed through silent forests with trees of a respectable growth, and indicating good land, although it looked a herculean task to clear such places, and effect a footing in such a primeval wilderness. The mudholes were tremendous: of these more anon. In one romantic, or rather picturesque, part of the road, Mr. Marsh and I walked, and we did the same in returning. The party arrived at the church in the township of Sullivan late, but there was excuse, considering the state of the roads. The clergyman met us, and a good congregation was waiting. I gave tracts to nearly everyone as they came out of church. The Bishop carries a carpet bag nearly full of these messengers of peace, nearly all from the Society in D'olier Street, Dublin; a great many are little larger than leaflets, but contain *multum in parvo*. One with two pages, called "Pointed Questions," was the one I chiefly distributed; also the "Life-boat and the Sinking Ship," of one page. This used to afford a little joke to the Bishop and Mr. Marsh, about how it was given to some people who were going along the wharf at Collingwood, to embark in the steamer, "when gathering clouds around were viewed," and the weather was threatening. Another time when offering tracts, the people thought we were talking of their making tracks, which, it seems, is a Yankee-Canadian expression for clearing out and leaving, and this is not always a pleasant suggestion to some. Again, when tracts were thrown out of the carriage to people along the road, some of whom were on horseback or in their waggons, they used to dismount and take a good deal of trouble to get them, and Mr. Curran and others of our party declared that the people must have thought I was distribut-

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ing some useful suggestion about oil, as to forming companies, or what not. However, I suspect these folks were, many of them, very glad to get the tracts when they found what they were about. Except an occasional visit to hold a Service, they see but little of a minister, and tract distribution in these wilds must be but scanty. After Service we were conducted to a farmhouse, where a hospitable and plentiful dinner was provided. There were two most respectable old country farmer's ladies, who did the honors. They knew all about the Bishop of Cashel, and I think came from Powerscourt. He has sent out a handsome contribution to building the new church we had just worshipped in, but there has been some little misunderstanding as to the appropriation of the said gift of the Bishop, leading to a certain coldness which has taken place between our hosts and some other families. The dinner was cooked in a kind of outhouse leading into the state-room, where the Quality were seated. The stove was a strange-looking one, having a large heating apparatus, and suited for consuming a great deal of wood, of which there is, of course, abundance in these parts. In towns they have more economical stoves. The crevices and openings in the boards and logs of this kitchen amazed me, as it must be very cold. The inner room and the little bedrooms off were fitted up comfortably, as farmers' houses are often furnished; clean white dimity about, and pictures of heroes or Scripture characters on the walls, of not great excellence of finish, as may be supposed. These nice people were about the room during dinner, either waiting on us themselves or talking in a pleasant manner to us. When the repast was over we got out of the way, and the people of the house themselves sat down. A good cup of tea was given us before leaving the table. This is the usual custom. Water is also poured into your glass; as for beer, it does not seem to be thought of. Several of the clergy treated the Bishop and the party to some good ale and porter, but this is only on grand occasions, I fancy. The clergyman (Mr. ———) mounted his horse and left sooner than we did. When mounted, I longed to be able to sketch him as a specimen of a travelling missionary, long boots, black macintosh, black slouched hat, black beard: and rather a handsome man, were the chief points in this particular case, but it was time for us to be going, so after leave-taking of these polished ladies in the bush, off we started to rumble and tumble back through the same mud-holes as in coming in the morning. All went very well until we got into rather improved roads, but on the carriage striking against some extra rough rocks, slap-dash went the iron rod that connected the shafting with the body, and there we were. Out we all got, and after

woefully looking at our disaster, someone (I think, Mr. Marsh) suggested the leather of the bridles Mr. Mullholland had with him; the wounded part was bound up with these, and we got on somehow for several miles, getting out and holding on behind down hill. At last our halting place was reached, and here the clergyman before described was ready to meet us and give us entertainment at a house where he lodged in the village. Our first care, however, was to have the carriage to the blacksmith's forge. The shaft was submitted to medical treatment, and after a great deal of humoring and fixing, and welding, the iron rod was repaired. This mode of attaching the shafts seemed to be very awkward and liable to accident, but I was told it was America and for lightness. I have great respect for Yankee ingenuity, but presume to think there might be improvement here. The scene that rainy, yet moonlight, night in and around the village forge was worthy of an artist. The cosy room, where tea was served, looked to me the acme of comfort after our long and rather tedious journey (we had, however, eight or ten miles yet to go). Our little room led into another, which was quite a sanctum, and hardly large enough to sit round the table, but the curtains and *tout ensemble* gave it, I repeat, a homely, cheery look. The landlady did the honors. Soon we were on our way again, though one part of the poor shaft was still in a rickety state, and needed more hammering even than it got; the case with many a boy in olden times, to say nothing of the present. We now jogged along pleasantly by the moonlight, the rain having ceased; it was, however, pretty cold, but this was relieved by the frequent necessity of jumping out of the carriage to keep the lame shaft in its place. Poor Mr. Mulholland, who drove, had the brunt of this labour. Mr. Marsh and I got out at the hills to hold on behind, but I suspect we were not of great use, considering that two horses were drawing the vehicle. At last we got quite accustomed to find the carriage stopping and Mr. Mulholland jumping out, with a large stone, to fix the connecting rod of the shaft. Hammer, hammer went the stone, and up got our kind friend with a cheery step, until again he had to descend for the same purpose. Only an Irishman could long put up with this kind of thing. The "bhoys" in the "ould country" are used to things giving way in this manner; they do not so much mind it, "for shure," say they to themselves, "if mended and fixed ever so much, it would be as bad again some day or another." While an Englishman or Scotchman would wring his hands at the broken shaft, and declare he would never get home, the Paddy will, on the contrary, whisk along with a merry whistle, and tinker up the deficient affair for the fortieth time, if necessary. I asked Mr.

Mulholland how he managed about the stone, for surely he could never find one so quick as he did ; no sooner was he out, than bang, bang, went the stone. "Oh !" says he, "I kept one in the carriage ready to hand." At last the lights of the town of Durham began to appear, and glad were we of the same, for it really seemed, as one was roused from time to time from a drowsy snooze by the regular and constant rapping of the stone, that soon the wounded shaft would give way altogether, and leave us sitting by the roadside at 10 o'clock at night, with only the resource of carrying our own baggage on foot into the town, a rather undignified process for a Bishop and his suite in these days, however much it might have suited in more primitive times, but no, such was not to be ; we had an Irishman to the fore, and he brought us safely in, hammer and tongs, mend and splice, somehow or other, and that was the great point after all. Such is my maxim ; the great thing is to accomplish a thing, and if not done as well as one could wish, yet let us try and do it as well as we can ; "blunder on," as dear Dr. Macbeth used to tell us when sitting at our evening readings in the cabin, occupied by the Captain, Orr and myself, on board the "Asia," at the time of the Trent affair ; by which expression he meant, try your best, if asked to engage in a work for God, or to pray or read, make the attempt in the Lord's strength ; do not hang back and refuse because you are conscious of defects, &c.

It must have been a quarter to eleven before we got in that night, or even more, and then it was to a sick house, but we found our kind host, the Rev. Mr. Evans, equal to the occasion. He received us with a smiling face, and soon we were settled to our different places. Mr. Mulholland and Mr. Marsh went off straight to an hotel, the boils, as aforesaid, having a little to do with this, though I know they would most kindly be for my having a room in the house, notwithstanding. The Bishop found a black-edged letter waiting for him, announcing his sister-in-law's (Mrs. Low's) death. He was cheerful about it, being satisfied of her religious state. He soon went to bed, but I stayed up. Poor Mrs. Evans was the sick person of the house, suffering from bronchitis. The doctor was sent for, but did not come, and it turned out afterwards that he was tipsy. Mrs. Evans' sister was there, and they supplied remedies which relieved the present great distress. I being very hungry, asked for a bit of bread, which would really have done for me just to enable me to get to bed and sleep, but I found a nice fowl spread out, and what not, of which the young lady did the honors, smiling all the time. Mr. Evans then showed me to my little room, and all except the watchers in the sick room were soon at rest. Next morning I

found that my window had a good view over the river, the rocky Saugeen and the country. We were on the declivity of the stage coach road to the town of Guelph, where, as aforesaid, the Grand Trunk Railroad passed. It was now becoming cold, and as I had seen the country, and was not aware of being of any particular use, had some thoughts of "home" at this junction point of the expedition. However, I am glad the idea was not carried out, for the latter part was better than the first; the whole affair became more interesting, and the weather changed to a far more comfortable temperature. This first snap of cold, though, made us all determine to provide ourselves with warmer clothing, and after Church we paid a visit to Mr. Dalgleish's establishment, where everything was to be had. The Bishop got warm drawers, I an under-waistcoat and winter cap, as the jaunty straw hat I was wearing would hardly do for the snow, and was already getting some jibes cast at it from the Bishop and Mr. Marsh. We had started from London in light summer costume, at least I had, for it was hot summer weather. Mr. Marsh being an old campaigner, was better provided. It was a puzzle to my companions what I did with this straw hat, having got the new winter one. The fact was that for two or three days I managed to stow it away unhurt in my carpet bag, in a kind of paper box, but soon, owing to some hurried packing before our sea voyage, the poor straw got badly mauled, and I was obliged to confess that it was not fit to be seen. But to return to Durham. The Church Service that day was quite a satisfactory one. The whole tone was pleasing, and one felt how different things were when a pastor was really acceptable to his people, from knowing how to get on with them and manage things, while he was, at the same time, faithful to their souls. It had not always been thus at Durham. A High Church minister had lately left it, who had slender influence. The church this morning was well attended, and the chancel could not contain all the candidates for Confirmation. They trooped up while the melodeon, playing softly, seemed to woo them, by its gentle tones, to give themselves to that true, but narrow way that leadeth to eternal life. A farmer who we afterwards met at dinner at Mr. Evans', played the melodeon. The hymns were well chosen. "Jesu, lover of my soul," has some part in it well applicable to the young believer embarking on the stormy ocean of life's temptations, yet keeping close to Him, who is stronger than the strong one, and who will bring him safe into the haven and receive his soul at last. Then again, "Just as I am," was quite appropriate, as shewing the spirit in which the young Christian should come to Christ. Mr. Purdee said at the Hamilton School Convention that the hymns

in a Sunday School should always be chosen in connection with the Scripture lessons, and the same should be in the Church Service. If the lessons, the psalms, the sermon and the hymns could all be made to fit into one another in beautiful harmony, not in a recondite, but in a plain, easily-perceived linking together, how warm and genial would be the worship, added, of course, to the people taking part in the responses, and the clergyman praying the prayers, and not sing songing, or monotoning. After Service we went to Mr. Dalgleish's, as aforesaid. He is a handsome, tall young Scotchman, but rather above the shop work, which is managed by a trusty old servant of the firm. Mr. Dalgleish asked us to take a lobster supper in the evening. On returning to Mr. Evans', after distribution of tracts to the congregation and in the town, we found him engaged in the pleasing work of receiving from his Churchwardens a handsome set of harness, given by his people. In Canada, contributions to the minister are often given in kind, and Mr. Evans being popular, often gets them. In due course of time we had dinner. I found the farmer who played the melodeon a sensible Englishman, and a credit to us. Though a Cockney, he had managed to subdue his land and make it pay; all was going well with him. Mrs. Evans had got rather better, and shewed during the day, but she is delicate, and the Bishop thinks not likely to live long. In the afternoon, though raining and drizzling, we all went over to the Potash Manufactory near, and finding intelligent workmen, we had the whole process explained to us. One of the men, hearing my name, began to tell the Bishop how that he was at my wedding at London. He was, I think, in the foundry, and remembered all about that memorable event. I talked to him afterwards about religious matters, and found a response. The head of this establishment has lately died. It is a profitable business, and involves little expense of carrying on. At about eight o'clock we strolled up to Mr. Dalgleish's, and found the Brigade-Major of the Volunteers there, and another person. At first, glasses of bad beer were laid before us, and we began to think what a grim joke it would be if there was nothing else. Conversation went on, and the Brigade-Major gave us some military ideas of severity if rebels appeared. The Bishop conversed affably, but showed signs of giving the signal of going away, when in marched a female servant with some preparations, and soon came the lobster supper, and whiskey and wine, or some correctives of the kind. The Bishop, however, was a teetotaler that evening. After supper we retired, and all went to bed. Next morning we started, I in Mr. Evans' light waggon, with the new harness; the Bishop and Mr. Marsh in Mr. Mullholland's

carriage, which he had got well fixed up, as we call it. The country was more interesting than before, and we passed the property of the English farmer, called, I think, Moor Park. All had an English, well-cultivated, clean look, and Mr. Evans showed me the site of a proposed new church. We arrived at Hanover in time for Service. The horses were put up at a German farmer's, a great friend of the Church. The family were bustling and preparing to go to the Confirmation. The minister of Hanover is a Mr. Softley, whose headquarters are at Walkerton, the capital of the County of Bruce. The Communion was given at Hanover, and the Service was carried on without the pause for people to go out. It was affecting to see how one and another slunk and sidled out of the church. Another Service was to be at Walkerton at 3, so the Bishop and Mr. Marsh went on directly, leaving no time for dinner. The Bishop gave us a little homily upon fasting, and how right and good it was to do so at proper times, such as this. It so happened, however, that Mr. Mulholland and I were left behind to bring up the rear of the party, and we had to go into the farm-house of our German friends. There we found one of their hospitable Canadian dinners, all smoking and just ready to put on the table, so, being pressed, down we sat, and a "good time" we had of it too, conversing most usefully on a variety of subjects, but not for the nonce upon fasting, which we had to leave to the Bishop and Mr. Marsh, who, it must be owned, were rather driven into it on this occasion. It was the more tantalising for them, as this good and abundant hot dinner had evidently been prepared for his Lordship, and not for us poor underlings, who formed only the tail of the party. Our German friends (was the name Hochstetter?) had been at Hanover for about 15 years. He had been consulted as to the name of the place. It was bush, of course, when he went there; now it is a thriving village. I did not gather that he was enamoured of the country, and he preferred the old country, or at any rate thought he would have done as well there. The wife spoke English quickly but thickly, so that one could not understand by any means all she said. I tried to recommend prayer meetings, for those who are at all anxious for religion get but little of the public means of grace in these places. The Union Prayer Meeting is not, however, understood, nor is that wonderful, considering how difficult it is to get up one even in a large city. After a good deal of conversation and good fare, Mr. Mulholland harnessed his team (for the clergy do these things themselves, and he is Rural Dean and one of the senior ones) and after taking leave of our kind host and hostess started on our way to Walkerton. The

country was well cultivated and thriving, getting gradually like England, while in other parts lately passed through all the roads and fields had a wild comfortless look, unlike Ireland, but yet with a desolate appearance of its own. Mr. Mulholland found he had forgotten his bridles, so useful to us in our previous hour of need, so he gave a message to a wild-looking fellow we met to get them from the German's house and send to them to Walkerton by stage. On approaching Walkerton the capital of the county of Bruce, I was struck by the favorable and pleasant aspect of the situation, and of the town as far as it had got. Rome was not built in a day, and though in this new country and in the 19th century everything progresses at a railroad pace, yet you cannot get over the new bandbox look of things and the settled well-trodden aspect of affairs cannot be imparted. As the old maxim says, *poeta nascitur non fit*; so you cannot create an old place, as an Irishman would say.

The Saugeen flows through the valley in which the town is situated; the ground is undulated, and on a swelling eminence we saw a new court-house building. This is a condition, by the way, of a place taking the proud rank of capital or county town, that they will build a court house and prison. On driving into the town we found a good deal of stir, which was partly caused by the Confirmation going on. As we approached the hotel we met the young white-robed ladies returning from the church, and little knots of people, among whom Mr. Mulholland recognised several friends, as he formerly ministered here, as well as in all the towns around. A few years ago he was the only clergyman in all this county. On going into the hotel we found a number of people, as it was probably market-day, or some election going on. I gave tracts to the men sitting and idling before the fire; had a conversation with a man at the door leading to the yard, getting my coat marked with paint at the same time, which was soon taken off by a little coal oil. After these interruptions we gradually got up to the unfinished but nice little church, where we found the Bishop sitting down with a little knot of well-dressed men engaged in earnest conversation with him. This I found afterwards was rather a delicate affair, being neither more or less than a formal complaint made by the churchwardens and parishioners against their minister, who it seems is a good man, but not a discreet or liberal minded one. Here, as in other cases of the same kind, I saw the great need of the Evangelical Alliance. Some of these good Evangelical men think it well, while preaching the Gospel, yet to shew an antagonism to other denominations, especially to the Methodists, which, being an influential church, reacts to the detriment of our own Church; besides, this spirit

engenders a haughty or *noli me tangere* deportment, even to their own people, which from the Bishop's own account was really the matter at Walkerton. The spirit of love not only felt but manifested soon disarms petty and narrow and worldly opposition and I think we must go farther than a tacit and reserved letting alone of other Christians, who differ with us. We are constituted to live together in love, and while keeping to our own Church we can engage in united good works and on certain occasions unite in prayer. I took occasion in the evening to try to recommend the Alliance to this Clergyman and his neighbour from Paisley, but they did not fall in with my view, and I am sorry to say the Bishop did not either. Suffice it to say this minister has alienated his people, and the same was found in another place we visited. We now had to encounter our companions, but make a good story of it as we might, there was the fact that the Service had been finished and we were not there to assist. I must explain that I did not pledge myself to be at all the Services; indeed, I suppose I never was at so many at one time as in this tour. Mr. Mulholland too had only come on from his own district in order to help the Bishop on with his carriage, without which, being so large a party, we should have been put to inconvenience and expense. Of course therefore it was only a joke, and I think we had rather the best of it. Poor Mr. Marsh looked hungry, as he was down upon us, and we were rather in the condition of the fox who kept licking his lips and promising to be good when he was found fault with. For some odd reason a church had before been built on a high hill within sight, but it was very inconvenient to climb up to it, and it was now abandoned, having a picturesque look of an old ruin in the distance. We are obliged to make great shifts in the New World for a ruin, as everything is spick and span, and one sadly misses the grey, venerable relics of by-gone ages which charm the imagination, and tend, with other aids of the same kind, to form our national character. The new church is in a good central position. I was amused by the primitive vestry they have in these new churches, being no more than a little nook, curtained off. At last the Bishop finished with his deputation, and we adjourned to the clergyman's house, a little awkward, only that he did not seem to be aware of the last performed business, or at any rate to be so well satisfied in his own mind as not to be troubled about it. His removal will probably take place, but this he perhaps is not averse to. There was now a good substantial tea-dinner to be discussed, and in all decency Mr. Mulholland and I should have retired or gone about some good works in the town, or read or sung to the guests as they eat during Refectory. These courses however did not seem to suggest themselves, and

down we sat with the others, incontinent, and I do not think we lagged behind, but did our part along with the rest of the party. Mr. Marsh and Mr. Mulholland went down to the hotel and there was to be some doctoring of the former with which I sympathised, being at the same time very glad not to be suffering as he was. My little room was upstairs, and I had a luxurious feather bed. Instead of roughing it in hay lofts as the joke was on first setting out, I found myself in the state rooms abandoned for our use by the kind hosts whose hospitality we enjoyed at each place. Next morning was a beautiful one, and the drive through the valley, though cold, was pleasant. The land was well cultivated and it was only after three or four miles that we got all into the mud-holes and rough Cordu Roy roads again. We had left our kind friend Mr. Evans at Hanover, but Mr. Mulholland still kept with us, as we should arrive soon at a point that would bring him tolerably near his own place. We were amused at a mistake made about Mr. Mulholland in the hotel yard at Walkerton. He found a strap taken away which belonged to the carriage gear and spoke about it to the ostler. This worthy, afterwards said to someone, "How cross the old Bishop was about that strap, wasn't he?" thinking that Mr. Mulholland was his Lordship. Mr. Softley, the clergyman, rode with us part of the way and then returned, while the clergyman of Paisley, to which we were now going, who was also on horseback, rode on and kept near us the rest of the way. His horse made a bit of a shy that might have unhorsed one less accustomed to riding. We found Paisley a thriving, cheerful place, new as new bread, as one might say, but bearing that healthy Anglo-Saxon look about it that shewed prospects of increasing prosperity. Here a gentleman and his wife named Featherstonehaugh entertained us, *i.e.*, the Bishop and myself; the others dined elsewhere. We got there about 11 and soon went to the little new church, where again we found the carpenters and masons hardly out of the building and the seats composed of boards resting on blocks of wood. There were a good many young persons to be confirmed, having come from different parts of the country around, as well as from the town. The Bishop gave the usual address to the confirmed after the sermon. There was also the Communion, so the Service altogether occupied a good deal of time. I found however the Bishop's discourses to be much varied and though the truths brought forward were of course the same, the mode of putting them differed in each case. This was not so with regard to the two Confirmations by the Bishop of Ontario, which took place at Kingston and Portsmouth. The sermons and addresses were much the same, and the Bishop of Huron spoke of the necessity

of decision of coming to the Blood of Atonement and the righteousness of Christians by faith, the companions they should seek and avoid, the Word of God to be studied, and prayer and the means of grace to be diligently pursued. After Service I gave tracts as much as possible to all, and managed to slip out before the Communion to give them to those leaving first. This plan I adopted on several occasions. The church was on a commanding knoll near the forest, but yet amidst cultivated ground. One felt that such visits as these from the Bishop of the Diocese surrounded by clergy like-minded, and both teaching the truth, must be supporting and cheering to the inhabitants of a new district. The visit certainly is only once in three years, as different parts of the Diocese have to be visited for the same purpose, and one portion is taken one year and another the next year, and so on; still it keeps up the important link. I think the benefit of Episcopal superintendence is much seen in these new parts of the world. There is a simplicity and straightforwardness about one head to a body, and that head invested with authority and a power. That of course is voluntarily acknowledged, as there is no law to carry out any decisions he may make. We found our host kind and gentlemanly. He is of a good family at home. Mrs. Featherstonehaugh is musical and manages that department in the church. Mr. Curran, the clergyman of Southampton, on Lake Huron, our next place, met us at Paisley, and in the afternoon we continued our journey, the Bishop and Mr. Marsh keeping with Mr. Mulholland, while Mr. Curran took me under his protection.

TOUR THROUGH NORTHERN COUNTIES, LAKE HURON, ETC.

Friday, 6th Oct.—Southampton. Arrived with Mr. Curran in his waggon at about 7 p.m., having driven from Paisley; left at 3.30. We crossed the Saugeen several times. At one place it was really picturesque and romantic, the river gently but majestically flowing along under canopies of green trees, where the eye could just penetrate into cool glades which had quite a pastoral, sylvan character. As the Saugeen is now approaching its sea, the grand Lake Huron, it puts in a respectable appearance. The Bishop and Mr. Marsh and Mr. Mulholland followed in the carriage of the latter. Mr. Curran led the way and shewed the road, which toward Southampton became very bad, in short a sea of mud. One of his horses was dead-lame, and to my surprise he said it had shewed lameness just when he started from home in the morning; so here was a horse to go 30 miles, as Mr. Curran said, on "three legs." The case was urgent no doubt, as he did not know of Mr. Mulholland, but expected to have to drive the Bishop in; still to one's English ideas this seemed rather cruel work. The horse however continued to limp along, and go he did for the whole journey, and I hear to-day that after a good mash and a night's rest he is better instead of worse. The fact was, I believe, the horse became foot-foundered from eating too much corn, having got to the bin by mistake of the groom: it was Indian corn to boot. The country we passed through was very good, as shewn by the farms and the fine trees on the uncleared land; indeed the country we are in, Bruce, is perhaps the best in Canada. Grey, which we have just left, is not to be compared to it. Walkerton, which we passed before Paisley, has been just constituted the county town of Bruce. This is a distinction much sought after, but it involves some cares and expense; for instance, the building of a county jail and court house. These we saw nearly completed at Walkerton, standing on a commanding plateau of ground. I gave tracts as we came along, and conversed about Dissenters with Mr. Curran. It was hard to talk, for ever and anon a tremendous jolt into and out of a mud-hole would stop all but the idea of self-preservation

and holding on, while the sense of the goodness of the human frame, particularly of the tenacity of one's inside, would force itself on the mind, to say nothing of the strength of the springs and the firmness of the wheels and axletrees. We all arrived at the top of the hill nearly together where the road from Guelph joins, in which is the high road and the chief and almost only way of getting out of this wild country by land. At Guelph the Grand Trunk takes you either to Montreal and home or to the West, with all its golden and fairy attractions. Here the rear division watered their horses, but Mr. Curran drove on until he came to a large bridge over the Saugeen, when he drove down to the river and the horses got, oh! such a big drink, and the poor lame one got a nice cooling for his foot as the river rushed past him. It did one's heart good to see them enjoying themselves. When you meet a river again it is like coming across an old friend. The river seems to have found its way through trackless forests, winding about without a guide except its own instinct and the obstacles which have produced its tortuous course, like the trials the Christian encounters he feels them sore, but in looking back he would not wish them otherwise. He is led after all to the haven where he would be, like the stream that at last reaches the ocean, gradually gaining strength and power by the access of many smaller streams, like the helps and comforts we receive as we go, ordained by the Good Shepherd for the support and strengthening of His dear flock. The believer will look back after his arrival at home and bless the many windings of his course, as having led him by a way he knew not, among the green pastures, albeit there were some rocky tracts where the waters almost failed him, but he would not when all is over have had his course a straight unvarying one. Such is not God's way of leading His people. How lovely to our view are the windings and meanderings of a glorious river. Some are larger than others, some are more rapid, some more deep, some having islands and rocks in them like points of character that interest or require cultivation. Some rivers are clear and transparent, while some are cloudy and muddy, like those who have many unseemly cross tempers to contend with, but still, conducted by the all-powerful, constraining love and care of the Lord Jesus, they reach one and all the great ocean of His love, nevermore to part; and when the streams of all Christians and all denominations are mingled together, not contending, not rushing along, none going too slow, but all commingled and united, the word will be brought to pass, "I in them and thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one" (John xvii. 23). I think however that much more union could be brought about than at present,

previous to reaching the ocean. There perhaps the metaphor of the rivers must be somewhat dropped. They must be separate to fertilize the countries through which they flow ; but the more Christians unite on the broad essentials on which they agree, the more will souls be converted and mutual edification be produced. If we want a comparison here, let us take the beautiful prismatic colors which when united produce the white light by which all affairs in the world are carried on, but if separate these colors would not suit our vision. Thus the separate action of Churches in the great matters of the Bible, Tract, and other Societies, would be of little worth, and to reason from those well-known objects of usefulness to others less known, such as Sunday School Conventions, Union Prayer Meetings, and open-air preaching, we may in the same way argue that union is strength, and that the combined harmonious efforts of all who love the Saviour will be by far the most efficient and likely to further the grand end of our being, the good of our own and others souls.

But to return from this long digression. We have got into a long muddy road, or rather a sea of mud, and are approaching the town of Southampton. We met parties of people and waggons, but the way had a very sombre and lonely appearance ; the deep forest was on each side of us. I gave tracts as we went along, and throughout we have tried to scatter the Word of Life by the wayside ; God only knows with what effect, but they have been very well received. At last, after many a jolt and jumble, more like a capsize in the mud than anything else, we arrived at the place, and were welcomed by Mrs. Curran.

Missionary life in Canada has its charms as well as its *désagrémens*, and among the former may be named the sociable, friendly, brotherly spirit among the clergymen. It is a matter of course to put one another up in the best manner that can be managed even if it be two or even three in a bed. The board is well provided with hospitable fare, the mistress of the house waits upon her guests and chats along cheerfully between whiles. The children cry, of course, but it does not seem to annoy either host or guests. The country people likewise entertain the clergy on their way, and do their best. Many are the amusing stories one hears of make-shifts and of the simple primeval ways of the folks. One minister found he had to go to bed in the same room with all the family who were sitting round the fire. In vain the lady hinted to him that he had better go to bed ; but after a time he made a bold start to his bed in one corner of the large room, when the family directly closed round the fire with their backs to him. He undressed and rolled himself into a corner, with his back to them. They then proceeded to bed themselves. The

party consisted of a man and his wife, some grown-up daughters and, I believe, a son or two. Ministers get many gifts "in kind" from their people. We met with one clergyman (Mr. Mulholland) who would not accept these things, but Mr. Evans, on the contrary, does so, and acts the wisest and it may be said the most polite and pleasing course towards the people themselves, to say nothing of the great help it is to a man who has perhaps a large family to receive these substantial testimonies of regard. At one time Mr. Evans will find a turkey placed in his waggon; at another, a piece of pork or bag of flour. The Canadians have not money at hand, and this is the most ready way they have of ministering "carnal things." The clergy just scrape together 600 dollars a year as their salary, say 200 or 300 from their people, and the remainder from the Church Society of the Diocese. A parsonage is sometimes attached. I imagine gifts "in kind" are marks of the sense entertained of the value of a minister, and they are not given in all cases. For instance, Mr. Evans found his Churchwardens waiting for him the day of the Confirmation with a handsome set of harness as a present. One female servant is the most a clergyman keeps, and he generally is pretty handy in harnessing his own horses, though a boy may help in that sort of thing. It is no profession for what is called getting on in the world. There is little chance of rising to a better Cure, for they are all nearly the same; and as to being Bishop some day, the only really high situation in the Church in this country, they expect it about as much as being made Pasha of Egypt. It may be said this state of things is more like the Apostolic model than the Church in our own country, where there are so many prizes, and at the same time so many unworthy men. While on this subject, I may say how much this tour has led me to see the want of another and a lower order (if so it must be called) in our Church. Men who are at their last or their plough, but who being gifted by God with powers suited to address their fellow-men and labour among them, and who have Divine grace in their hearts, could be set apart for Christian work in the towns and villages and country generally. This is the case among the Methodists, and we should not be above taking a leaf from their book, while we may try to correct the faults into which they may have fallen, according to the account of our clergy, who I must in justice say are rather bitter against them. The Currans put me up in a room by myself, where there was a good view of the great lake, and at night a beaming light from the lighthouse on the island opposite cheered my sight. Mr. Marsh and Mr. Mulholland slept the first night at a small tel. The former was suffering from boils, as I have been doing

of late, before the tour, and Mr. Mulholland helped him and nursed the troublesome complaint for him. He has had a great deal of pain from it. Next day (Saturday) the Bishop and the others drove to a place where there was a Confirmation, Tara and Invermay. I stayed at Southampton and wrote up journal and letters, besides exploring the houses of the poor in the neighbourhood, a very bad set, to give tracts, &c. The old man who cuts wood for the Currans is quite a character. He has several sons married about, and some of them are drinking, quarrelsome folks. I spoke to him a great deal. He is from Buckinghamshire. About 4 the party returned, drenched in the rain, which fell heavily. They described meeting a young woman riding on horseback, with light clothing on, through the rain. The Bishop pitied her greatly, but I have since suggested that some interesting engagement had to be kept which preserved her heart warm, though outwardly she was in such a miserable plight. He says this is only an officer's suggestion, but I maintain it is a charitable one. This evening we had a visit from the Churchwardens and two or three other gentlemen. Southampton seems rather an aristocratic place, though one would not think from its appearance that there are many attractions. There are no trees; the town is bare yet scattered; there are no handsome buildings, and the main street is a poor, scraggy-looking affair. The Saugeen is the redeeming feature, being at its mouth here quite a handsome second or third-rate river.

London—27th September, 1865, Wednesday.

Toronto—27th and 28th.

Collingwood—28th. Slept at Mr. Marsh's.

Clarksburg—29th. Slept at Mr. Lyne's.

Meaford—30th (through Thornbury). Embarked for Owen Sound.

Owen Sound—30th September; Sunday (1st October), Monday (2nd October.) Slept at Mr. Pottinger's, of the bank; lived at Mr. Mulholland's.

Bishop and Mr. Marsh and Mr. Mulholland to Holland on 2nd October.

Sullivan—3rd October.

Durham—3rd and 4th. Mr. Evans'.

Hanover—5th October.

Walkerton—5th and 6th October. Slept at Mr. Softley's.

Paisley—6th. Dined at Mr. Featherstonehaugh's. Clergyman rode with us.

Southampton—6th, Friday night.

„ —7th, Saturday. Invermay and Tara.

„ —8th, Sunday.

Kincardine—9th. In evening by steamer. Slept, Mr. Tighe.

Pine River—10th; and returned to Kincardine.

Goderich—11th. At night by steamer. Slept at hotel.

Bayfield—12th. Slept at friend of Mr. Aubordien's.

Egmondsville—13th.

Clinton—13th. Slept, Mr. Johnson's.

Goderich—14th.

„ —15th. Sunday. } Slept at hotel.

London—16th. Monday. P.G. }

There is an Indian village two miles off, to which they cross by a scow or canoe. A rather pretty lake is also a set-off to the dulness of the town. They have excellent skating in winter on this. I saw a solitary wild duck; it would remain near shore and some children pointed it out to a young blacksmith, who ran down with his gun and after one or two misses and trouble in getting caps fired, and off flew the duck to a spot nearly as easy of access. Soon after I heard another report, so perhaps the foolish creature met its doom after all. I found the people unvisited with tracts and I suspect but little visited in any other way. There is no district visiting in Canada; the clergy do not appreciate it, and the tract distribution, though approved of by them, is not under their management. It seems that they have such long journeys to take to hold services that not much is done besides, save and except the onerous yet unsatisfactory work of burials and so on, added to visits to the sick when they are probably so ill as not to be able to attend to their souls, and that perhaps for the first time. The Presbyterians are at loggerheads in many parts of this portion of Canada, The Free Church and "United Presbyterians" being the contending parties. At Southampton some do not go to public worship at all on this account. On Sunday morning the 8th, we went down to church, calling on the way at Grace Clarke's, Jane's great friend. She spent the previous evening at the Currans', being Mr. Curran's sister and married to a sad fellow, who has left her and gone, they say, to Australia. Her two children live with her in a very small house near the church. She looks very sad, and though quite plain there is a melancholy interest about her, especially as she is my wife's friend. I was not able to see enough of her to discern the points of union between them, and am sorry to think that from being hurried off on Monday, the visit which she requested me to make her was not fulfilled. Her son promises, I fear, to take after his father, and has not kept to a situation which was found him. He is a good-looking fellow. The girl is young with a profusion of light hair. I like her countenance and manner, though she has not good features. As poor Mrs. Clarke joined in the hymns that

evening, and particularly in "Why those fears," one felt that if she is a true Christian the tears she now shed will be a seed that shall one day produce the sheaves of joy. That same Saturday evening was rather a dull one until after tea, and some of the visitors had had their smoke in the verandah. Mrs. Curran began some hymns without bothering the party whether they liked it, and the gentlemen gradually dropped in, and we had quite a united Lobgesang. I like to see men half ashamed of themselves yet quietly yielding to the spirit of the hour of sacred melody. Ladies might do more good in this way than they know. There were not many for Confirmation that Sunday morning. Mr. Curran says there are more at new Missions; still his having been away of late owing to bad health may have been against it. The choir was conducted by Mr. Curran, and the singing and playing bore the impress of the Englishwoman; the time, the tune, the style—all were in order and as they should be. I did not on the whole, though, like the *tout ensemble* of the Southampton church. The east window offended me, as it did to some extent my companions. There was the emblem of the lamb and flag, with monograms and what not. The Communion Table was placed up very high on steps, with a richly-ornamented cloth upon it, having some emblem in the centre. The Bishop chiefly objected to the reading desk being placed sideways, so that the minister could not face the people. I do not know how it is, but a certain something about the Services and appearance of a church very soon impresses you. Durham is the one that has pleased me most in the whole tour. Whether it was the impressiveness of Mr. Mulholland's "praying" the prayers, or the crowds of those to be confirmed passing up to the Communion rails as the melodeon was softly played, or the nice selection of the hymns, or these altogether, but certainly I have not been so touched by any Service of late as by that, except by a certain bit in the Bishop of Rupertsland's sermon, preached at London just before starting on his solitary prairie travel to his far distant diocese. We had to hurry up and get dinner before returning at 2 o'clock for the Sunday School. We did not get there until 2.30, and then instead of the usual teaching Mr. Curran announced that the Bishop would address the children, which he did, as he always does, very well. To my surprise Mr. Curran asked me to do so also, after a hymn had been sung. I did not much fancy this, as the Bishop and Mr. Marsh are not quite the audience I should prefer to perform "in front of," as they say; however, one must get over these maiden flutters and do one's best, in the strength of Him who is always ready to impart help and wisdom; so I made an address, introducing my Hamilton experience and telling the two stories of

Blondel and the little rabbit, which Mr. Bolton the American clergyman brought out with such good effect before the mass meeting of 2,000 children and 1,000 adults in Mr. Ormiston's church at the Convention. After school we went home in different parties, and I separated from mine to go and visit some of the houses in the place. I found the house where it was said a man was living with two wives. The family was assembled and to all appearance it was an orderly, cheerful one with nothing amiss. A pale-looking creature came out of a room, who I surmised was the second one alluded to, but from subsequent explanation from the man's father it seemed doubtful if there was any truth in the report. However, partly true and partly false is often the sum total of these rumours, and so we must leave it. It is difficult to say whether the people of Canada are more moral than at home. To all appearance they are much more so. There are no street-walkers, no trials of divorce cases, and you do not hear much of seductions. On the other hand there is much more reserve in these matters than in England; there is more public delicacy, if the term may be used, but the attraction and power of the sin alluded to lies in its concealment, and doctors and others who know about these things could tell many a tale in this country; still there is less general inebriety as to drink, while the individual cases of drunkenness are worse and more ruinous than at home, owing to the climate and other causes, and this abstinence from drink, seen, for instance, in the servants who never touch beer, and do not know what beer money means, is one cause that the immorality mentioned above is not so widely prevalent as in England, where it confessedly largely exists and is at the same time less concealed. There is more license and jocoseness in the old country, while the Puritan element certainly prevails here. I visited other houses and left tracts, which were not generally given. As to this latter point I tried in conjunction with Mrs. Curran to see about a better distribution. She introduced me to a Mr. McNab at the post office, and it was agreed to have a meeting next day on the subject. The story everywhere is that movements for good used to be made, but from some cause or other have fallen off. This is strangely and sadly the case in Canada. Prosperity and the absence of any severe judgments seem to have left the people in the Scriptural condition of living securely and at their ease, like the Sidonians, the absorption of time in the worship of the dollar seeming to prevail. If it was felt that some time had to be given to God, come what may, then more would be done in His cause. About half-past five we had tea and went to church in the evening, where there was a very good congregation, people of other denominations coming to hear

the Bishop preach. Next day I set off pretty soon after breakfast to visit the cottages around. Some of the families are famous as being wicked and abandoned, particularly some of the children of our old friend who works at Mr. Curran's. I got on pretty well in visiting one of these bad families on Saturday, reading and praying with them; also found a son of the old man who seemed very different from what I expected, and though a Methodist, yet one who knew and felt the value of his soul! But this member of the family hardly seemed to be known. This is often the case. Those who are quietly going on seeking the Lord are passed over and ignored, while any glaring case of inconsistency is made a great deal of, and the fault laid upon the whole Church. I afterwards met with his wife, who, though uneducated, appeared very well-disposed. On calling at the blacksmith's on Saturday matters were very dark. They belonged, I think, to the Scotch Church, and the feud alluded to was probably the excuse of going nowhere. Now if the general system of visiting was adopted which I advocate, that of two and two of different denominations going forth boldly to carry the Gospel from house to house, such cases as these would be looked after and the evil attacked, whereas now I strongly suspect that the outsiders, persons who are not members of dissenting Churches, or not pew holders or constant attendants at the English Church, are tacitly left to their own devices. They are not visited and they go on like heathen, getting more and more estranged from God and spiritual things. This man's house overlooked a pretty little lake, which is the chief ornament of the town of Southampton, all else being bare and uninteresting, with the exception of course of the sea-shore and the grand lake itself, stretching away in all directions as far as you could see, and in this respect the town claims an advantage over its fair and highly favored namesake in the old country; the Southampton Water being a poor place for noble ships to ride in with admirals at their helm, and which might well be here at the unpretending cold little Canadian place of the same name. True there is not much of harbour, but there is an island in front of the town, behind which there is shelter from the rude blasts and tempestuous winds of the sea we are now beholding. I said the sea-shore just now. Yes, it may be dignified by that name. I strolled down there during my visits here and there in the town on Sunday, and found to my delight the little waves surging up against the shore (for it was a calm day) very much as they do against the shore of old ocean itself; they had that sort of playful yet majestic sound as if they could when occasion required lash with fury against the barrier that controlled them. After visiting the blacksmith by the lake on Saturday, I went along by the

margin and saw some children looking at an object on the water. This turned out to be a wild duck, and a young man from the house was looking how he could get near enough with a gun to have a shot at it. He fired at last but the duck moved not. Again he went for a cap and after a long time fired again, scattering up the water near; the duck fluttered about its wings a little and then quietly flew away to another part, foolishly again near the boy's home. I stayed no longer, but hearing another shot soon after I concluded that at last the simpleton duck had met its fate. On Monday morning which was beautifully fine I rambled round the scattered hamlet in the neighbourhood of the Curran's house and found that visiting was well received. It is this mixing with the lower classes for their spiritual good which seems so desirable? Why should we not know something of each other? Although the Yankee Independence somewhat flavors all classes in Canada, yet there is that innate respect on the part of the lower towards the upper, which shews how British and loyal this country really is. There is no fear of losing this respect and regard by such visiting as I recommend. The gentleman or lady preserves the tone of feeling that characterises their class, but in religion all are equal before God, and the poor person feels that there is a great deal of common ground and that as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man, indeed the sympathy and oneness of the experience of all true Christians, whether high or low, rich or poor, Barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, is one great argument of the truth of our faith and its vast superiority and genuineness over every other system of mankind. I had a talk with a woman going out as if to market; a respectable, sensible person, but not decided; then a pleasant clean house where the gudewife had been lately married; then some men in waggons; then some cottages, like English ones; and another where a wife and her mother received me kindly; then an old man coming from the field; this was about dinner time, which is between twelve and one, throughout the country. A bell rings for twelve everywhere, and again at six, the great period of labor, though many have to work later. On return to the house I found the Bishop and the others had gone to see the lighthouse and had not returned. Mrs. Curran and I got on very well (being English, you know), but she was backward and forward cooking the dinner. When they came they gave a great account of the lighthouse and what I had lost by not going. There are prisms placed round the light and as you look from inside this circle the effect, they said, was beautiful on the country round, which was arrayed in prismatic colors. They brought a rumour of the steamer being near starting, which we were to go by, but was not expected till very early next

morning. However they wanted to get back to Goderich, as the freight is very large at this season, just before the closing of the navigation. Dinner was kept waiting for them some time, and Mrs. Curran said for my English ear that she thought the Irish were a little unpunctual. At last they drove up and we sat down to a good meal, hearing however every now and then an ominous grunt or whistle from the steamer, which we thought could hardly have arrived from Owen Sound. It turned out that this grunt was for us and that they were waiting for us. This fact broke upon us all the more when Mr. Marsh went down about it, and brought back the news that we must post down instant. My things were soon packed in and leave taken, and Mr. Marsh and I scuttled along on foot, while the Bishop went in Mr. Curran's waggon. By the way, our friend Mr. Mulholland had left us here and drove back to Owen Sound on Saturday. One felt it was quite a blank losing one of the party. The tramp to the steamer through the heavy sands with an "early dinner" inside not yet digested was far from pleasant, but the roughs must be taken with the smooths, and by dint of running and a hoist at the last in Mr. Curran's waggon, we managed to get on board, though the steamer seemed by that time to have got nearly into a rage; more than one angry long snort greeted our ears while plodding and running through the sands. Here again we found the advantage of being tacked on to a Bishop's long coat, as they could hardly go without his staff, however far behind they might be. The alternative would have been a drive of 30 miles on an execrable road to Kincardine, but happily we were not reduced to this, although once or twice in the run down to the steamer one half-wished that it might be so, sooner than get such a churning as we did. The wind was freshening and the vessel pitching as we got away at last from the wharf, having astern of us in tow the boat of the lighthouse-keeper, who with his son was seated therein. They cast loose when they got to the island and we continued on our way, getting more and more into the high waves, which made the little flat-bottomed tub of a steamer (called the Bruce) roll about so as to threaten interior dissensions among the passengers. There was tea, and as the evening came on the wind moderated, so that by the time of reaching Kincardine I felt tolerably well and superior to the weakness of speechifying to the fishes, although some on board were betrayed into this foolish proceeding. We touched at Inverhuron and Port Elgin, both thriving outlets of produce, but bad harbours. Mr. Tighe (the clergyman) met us and drove us along a kind of wharf, by the side of which the waves were driving up a place which some day is intended for a harbour, but now looks much unlike

one. The Government is to help them, and this is to be a safe retreat for vessels, but when it is hard to say. All the Eastern coast of Lake Huron is much exposed and without decent harbours, except Goderich and behind the island at Southampton.

The south-west and north-west winds at times are very fierce and raise great storms. Soon after our trip on the lake we heard of a wreck. We had mercies in this way, as well as in others. I should mention that on their visit to the lighthouse at Southampton they found a child of the keeper's was idiotic. There seems to be no refuge or institution for these cases. On arrival we were introduced to Mrs. Tighe and a smart, pretty young lady, her half-sister. We had supper, and then he showed me to a small hotel in the town, where a man was sitting up. The room was small, but I got on well. Next morning we had a pleasant breakfast and heard the preparations for the day's Confirmations. It was wished to have the church consecrated, but the minister and people were not quite agreed on the subject. He wanted to change it from its name of All Saints and give it some peculiar name. To this the people were opposed, and we found Mr. Tighe was one of those ministers who do not know how to keep well with his people, although not compromising Christian doctrine or practice, and his feeling to the Methodists was not such as to be likely to conciliate. The Alliance is a noble principle. Strange that a method so simple and Scriptural should not be adopted. The want of full success at home seems rather to make people cold about it here. But this is a mistake; they could adopt what is good and leave out what is bad. The Alliance at home wants a more liberal, catholic character. The union or alliance with Dissenters on the broad basis of the Evangelical Alliance is, I suspect, not palatable to the members, or it does not occur to them. The prestige of our Church is so far above the dissenters in the eyes of the world that it is hard to humble the views of Churchmen, and to feel that it is a Christian duty to know Christian brethren, to honour, to love them, to pray with them, to work with them, though they may belong to a most unfashionable denomination. The folks from the country began to flock in, and it is an interesting sight to see a Canadian congregation in these new uncultivated regions assemble and disperse after service. The farmers and their healthy, happy-looking families, driving in their two-horse teams, coming from their independent, solitary homesteads, makes one feel that the strong Anglo-Saxon faculty is decidedly in favour of settling a new country, and that all this part of the world is destined some day to be a thriving, well-populated region, as like its old healthy mother as a daughter can be. The chief part of those to be confirmed were here, as

elsewhere, females. I hoped that the young men in my pew (the clergyman's) were about to go up with the others, but false shame, or some other motive, hindered, and I think only one out of the three moved from the pew. The Bishop's address to them was stirring, and applied to their consciences, as was the sermon. We had also the Communion. Tracts were given to those confirmed, as well as to the congregation, afterwards. Dinner was discussed, but there was little time, as the Service was to be at Pine River, about 10 miles off, by 3 o'clock. We started in a rough waggon, having some ladies of the place seated therein. The Bishop went in another conveyance with Mrs. Tighe and her friend. The roughness of the road was great, and the jolting of our waggon excessive, and I had to hold on to keep from being twisted out of the vehicle. We had to skirt the lake, and the scenery was interesting. We then got into sand-dunes, or tracts of land apparently covered in bye-gone times by the lake, which had left these masses of sand behind when it receded to its present limits. Part of the way we drove along by the edge of the water. It was evident we were very late, and Mr. Tighe, who was on board of us, got anxious to arrive, as the Bishop was some way before our party. We were not quite sure of the right road latterly, and floundered about, up hill and down dale, asking the way of boys, and others. Mr. Tighe had got out previously, and made his own way. At last the little church hove in sight, prettily situated among trees. The service was half over, and the accession of our party, who formed part of the choir, must have been acceptable. I did not remain to the Communion here, as we had it in the morning, but sat on the steps outside reading, having first given tracts to those going away. After the Communion an aged and decently dressed woman bent over the stone that contained the epitaph of her children and very touching was her simple grief, as she wept by the grave. She was old, and had many miles to return to her home. It seemed even more affecting than the sad Irish lament I heard in the churchyard of the ruined church of Aghadoe, close to Killarney. The woman was all alone. The absence of hope in the wail, the ruined look around, and the contrast of the beautiful scenery beyond made a strange combination. Some friends were with our old friend at Pine River, and when she had taken her fill of grief, and had given a sort of pat or stroke to the cold stone, she went along with them to their distant hamlet, away through the woods. After the Service we all adjourned to the house of the principal person of the place and had some refreshment, I forget what, and then got into our waggons to jolt back. There was some laughing about stopping to get some peaches on the way, and lo and behold, the

very person came out to the side of the road to offer them as we passed. Just then it began to rain, and the evening was coming on; the ladies gave us some assistance from their shawls and a parasol. I had no overcoat. We got in about 10 and found that Mrs. Tighe had dropped her ring somehow, and it was her wedding one. She was in a great way at this, but a messenger returned with the joyful news that it had been found in the waggon. We had some supper and I went to my hotel, which was not so easy to find in the dark, from the roughness and wildness of the place. Next day the steamer was to arrive, to take us on to Goderich; the same little Bruce that had conveyed us before. She did not come at the time expected, so we were in suspense some hours; not very pleasant, but inevitable. In the morning we strolled through the town, I giving tracts as we went along. This was my part, and the joke was with the Bishop that I had said I must go back, as he took all the preaching to himself. He had some persons to see, and had some rather important conversation with a well-dressed, sensible man, down by the wharf where the steamer was expected to arrive. It happened there was some dissatisfaction with Mr. Tighe, as before alluded to, and his spirit was, I am afraid, similar to that of Mr. Softley, at Walkerton. There was a great deal of produce on the wharf, ready to be shipped, such as potash, flour, wheat, and a number of sheepskins, which we afterwards saw placed on board the steamer, and counted there. A large schooner was in the act of being warped alongside, and in the evening when we embarked they were busy getting the wheat, the product of the abundant harvest, on board of her. It was brought in sacks, and a man conveyed each one to the gangway, where it was received, and the contents thrown into the hold, and the bag returned. The complaint this year is of not being able to get away the produce, it is so plentiful. Surely God openeth His hand and filleth all things living with plenteousness. These vessels, for instance, convey the wheat down the lake to the river St. Clair, and so on to Lake Erie and the Welland Canal, and then by Lake Ontario, to Kingston, where by means of elevators it is hoisted out into barges; these are towed by steamers down the rapids to Montreal and Quebec, where the wheat is again shipped for Europe or the States. The potash either goes a nearer way into the States or, perhaps, by railroad elsewhere. A great deal of produce is conveyed by the Grand Trunk and Great Western Railway, and much complaint is made along the line of the delays that freight of all kinds meets with, owing to the great pressure arising from this tremendous harvest, which is even breaking the Cornucopia of Ceres and her sister Pomona. We went up to the

house and had dinner, after which there was that sort of hanging about, waiting for the steamer. The ladies were induced to play and sing a little, and Mrs. Tighe played on the guitar. Below us in the valley there was a well-sinking for oil where a mill was at work. I suspect the latter had better be stuck to. Mr. Marsh showed me a true American waggon or sulky rather, very light indeed, with very high wheels, and literally only a seat for the occupant, nothing but a little square board. This was Mr. Tighe's conveyance, and suitable for the country, with its terrible roads. We had tea, and in the evening we all walked down to the wharf, when the steamer was at last reported in sight. The wind was rising, and the night had a stormy aspect. Matters looked bad for the schooner aforesaid, as there was no harbour from the wind, which was from the west. I believe a wreck occurred that night, but probably not to that schooner. The ladies were with us, and all went into a small hotel to wait, where I discovered my journal was absent, as it had been before, when it was left at Walkerton, and I had to write for it. Mr. Softley sent it by post to Kincardine. On this occasion I went back for it to the house, in the dark. We then got on board, and after taking leave of our kind host, off we started for Goderich. We now found ourselves in for a blow, so there we were, the west wind driving at our tub as if to send her right on to the coast, while we steamed away to coast along, hoisting a jib at the same time. We got on pretty well on the deck, Mr. Marsh and I keeping our eyes on the revolving light at Pine River (where we had been the day before). We had to round the promontory where it was, but it turned out to be hard work. The proper captain was not on board, and we imagine the vessel was taken rather nearer the dangerous rocks outside the light than should have been the case. We thought this point of land would never be got round. She was such a tub that she rolled about away from her course, and to it again, as if the helmsman was tipsy. At one time the light was quite on the port bow opposite to us and looking close to the vessel; in another moment right ahead, and so on. The Bishop retreated to the captain's cabin, where he lay, and when they got him across the deck to it, they had hold of him on each side; at one time they paused for a favourable lurch, and it looked as if one slip would take the whole party through an ugly opening left in the bulwarks. He said, when I went into the cabin, that some bottles were loose, and there was a strong smell of rum, so it was concluded one had broken. We had a laugh afterwards at this; the steward had only taken down below some nearly empty bottles. Sometimes I made my way to the cabin, holding on as best one could, but there was not much

comfort there, as people were lying about upon the floor, some sick, others sleeping; three women were among them who, I suppose, had sensibly retreated from the miseries of the ladies' cabin. At last the light on the high ground of Goderich began to be dimly seen by the best eyes on board, and as the soothing moon arose the angry wind rather subsided, and as we neared the river forming the harbour matters were far pleasanter, and though very late at night, or rather very early, for it was between one and two o'clock, we got along well, and as the old Bruce wended her way in, one enjoyed the look of all around us. The place appeared to be landlocked and to be a cove of peaceful retreat, after the exposure we had had for so long a time to a lee shore in a gale of wind, and no friendly harbour near. Will not heaven be of this nature? Life's storms will then be over; the light of the Sun of Righteousness will have charmed away every trouble and caused the dark clouds of sin to disperse, while the believer will cast anchor within a haven of rest, comforted by the presence of the Great Pilot, who has brought his frail bark safe in. Some damages done to the vessel, but the framework has stood the test. All is safe, all is joy. I made acquaintance with a good man on board, who I did not, however, see again, after his carrying kindly one of our bags on shore for us. We collected the traps and went ashore, having to pass through another vessel alongside. The way was intricate and dark, and we then got into an omnibus waiting there. Who should get in with us, having missed us in the confusion, but the Rector himself, Mr. Elwood. He had been waiting up for us, and came on to meet the Bishop. They dropped me at the "Huron Hotel," where a man was waiting up, and after some time managed to stow away a goodly number of passengers who came in. I had a small, but good room, but next day, finding in what excellent company I was, they gave me a sitting room, and bedroom adjoining, which made me feel *en prince*. Next morning (being Thursday, the 12th) I went to the Rectory, and found a nice happy family assembled to prayers. An excellent breakfast followed. We all then went to Bayfield, and started about 9, in Mr. Thomas' carriage. The country about Goderich, and all along our road had a very cultivated, English appearance; so different from much that we had seen lately. The contrast made me think more of it than I should otherwise have done. The Bishop said that the Upper Canada Land Company had exchanged other lands for this which we were passing, which originally belonged to the Clergy Reserves, the said lands in other places being now commuted, and the money given to the different Churches, at least, such as were willing to receive it, and this commutation is

laid out at interest, partly in debentures, partly mortgages, and so forth, which proceeds are given to the clergy at various rates, according to their several standing and claims to the fund, owing to their seniority, and other causes. In Lower Canada these Reserves did not exist. At Toronto this commutation was given in a great degree to make up the Bishop's salary. Here and in Ontario Diocese no Bishop existed at the time, and the clergy have it; when any salary lapses it is given to others not on the list. My companions in this morning's drive were the Bishop, Mr. Marsh, and Mr. Elwood. The latter is a very portly person, and of a most amiable disposition. The young clergy look up to him with a paternal regard, and yet have many an innocent joke at his expense. Near Bayfield we crossed the Saugeen by a good bridge, and there was a picturesque view from it and from each side of the river. This is a good and prospering town, and the roads are excellent, being smooth and soft, yet hard enough not to make ruts. The clergyman here is a Mr. Dubourdien, connected by marriage with Mr. Carmichael, clergyman of Clinton, our next place. They are both young Irishmen, and good Evangelical men, though wanting, in my humble opinion, like almost all the clergy of this diocese, in that active, union spirit, taking interest in revivals, looking for conversions, and getting their people to engage in active aggressive efforts on the masses around them. Some of them do not even join the Bible Society in the Missions, and do not look to see that the distribution of tracts is kept up. Whether the connection with the Propagation Society has anything to do with this disappointing state of things, or not, I do not know, but so it is. The clergy can get plenty of tracts from the Bishop when they come to London, and many of them do take a supply with them, although I should like to see the piles of good provisions of this nature in the vestry of the Cathedral diminish quicker than they do; but still, as I said, they do take them away occasionally, and on their visits to the sick they put them in their pockets and give them, but this is not tract distribution. It requires method, encouragement, and close looking after. At London the Young Men's Christian Association undertakes the work, but how does it progress? Why, the other day, out of 68 districts, into which the city is divided, only 20 were taken up, and it has been only by a vigorous and combined assault upon the Sunday Schools of all denominations, that a fresh supply of distributors has been obtained, and even now, on visiting by our City Mission, we find many places dry and without the dew which these blessed little messengers let fall by their presence. As to seeing about this and stirring up the parties who undertake it, the clergy do nothing of the kind, but surely if they approve of

tracts and they tend to evangelize the masses, is it not their duty to see about it and not leave these agencies to take their own course? The service was much as usual, except that Mr. Dubourdien conducted personally each batch of those to be confirmed up to the Bishop. It was a beautiful day, and the people coming up to the pretty little country church surrounded with trees had all the look of the dear old Fatherland. I talked to two or three men before we went in, as the clergy and the Bishop have a knack of keeping the congregation waiting after the time, which to me is trying. I suppose this is inherited from my father, who used, as he said, to give Dr. Wilson another lamp-post before he went in, so as to be ready to commence worship when the minister actually appeared. That good man is, as far as I know, still going on in the same place, and in the same pulpit, namely, Holyrood, Southampton. The time I refer to was more than 35 years ago, and he then had, in our youthful eyes, a very wizen, aged appearance, with no blood in his face. I can see him now, bringing his Bible up into the pulpit. He preached the gospel in much the same way as Mr. Rogers and others do in Canada at this moment, and yet while I value indeed the truths they declare and the doctrines they hold, and though no doubt it is blessed to some extent, as the promise is that the word shall not return void, yet I humbly think both Dr. Wilson's way of doing it and carrying it out in the week day, as well as in the case of my valued friends in this country, might be greatly improved. I know they would not hear of this, and think the very breath of such an idea heresy. While the same doctrines of grace are held and taught, why may not sermons be shorter and more practical, with simple illustrations, like "Consider the lilies," and "Behold the fowls of the air," and the plan of our Lord's preaching—that of parables. Then how full is Scripture of direct practical exhortations and entering into details, like the sermons on the Mount. The fact is the clergyman is afraid to do this. It would bring the subject too close home to proceed farther than generalities, and they are so fearful to offend the prurient vitiated tastes of their fashionable hearers that they shirk illustrations lest a smile should be raised. Of course, avoid that if possible, but the deadness and indifference of an audience is worse than that if in one or two instances some profane young woman or youth should turn into a joke a sacred, solemn truth contained in a homely illustration. Sermons being thus simpler and shorter, and more natural, though less learned and recondite, would take less time in composing, and afford more opportunity for visiting and preaching from house to house, which the Apostle seems to say is as important as the public preaching in the Church (Acts

xx. 20). The promotion of active work among their pious members is also greatly wanted. There are godly persons who seem to have no idea they should use their talents and go and make known the blessed truths they value. The masses are left to themselves. Then again, a godly union in good works, and at certain times in prayer, is never recommended from the Evangelical pulpit. Union on the broad basis of the gospel is never explained or encouraged, so that people know nothing about it, nor practice it either. The Evangelical principle recognises the work of God and His Spirit in other Churches, which the High Church does not. If the former does hold this Scriptural opinion, Evangelical men should carry it out by uniting with them on the ground of the Alliance in practical operations, and then they would receive far more respect on all sides and be extensively useful. The narrowness of dissenting churches would greatly diminish, and the High Church folk would find themselves stranded and exposed to more contempt, or rather their influence would be far less than at present. There are, of course, exceptions. At Toronto, though no such Union is encouraged, yet an active body of 24 ladies have got their 12 districts attached to the Cathedral, and Mr. Grasset and Mr. Baldwin see these visitors every month, when their books are produced, and so on. They profess also to visit all denominations, and really from house to house. In this diocese, from London downwards and throughout, I think I could safely say there is nothing of the kind. I do not say the poor are not partially visited, or that at London the ladies have not their Bible districts for collecting, and that two Bible women are just now for the winter months at work, but as for real methodical operations under the clergy, it exists not either here or elsewhere in the diocese, as far as I am acquainted; and I fear it is the state of the case, as there is no independence of view in the clergy to strike out what would be a reform, and to a certain extent a reflection on others.

The Communion was after the Confirmation, and many of the young remained. After each service I gave tracts to the congregation and those confirmed. The Bishop's black carpet bag containing tracts is by this time getting very lank. On starting from Toronto it had a portly appearance, "with good capon lined," but now the well-saved hose is a world too wide for its shrunk shanks. There were kindly greetings at the church doors among the principal families of the place afterwards, and as we wended our way back to Mr. Dubourdien's. The gentlemen after dinner took a stroll through the village and down to the cliffs overlooking the lake and the river which flows into it. I diverged from my party from time to time to give tracts and converse on

religious matters with the people. One person I met with had been present or had heard much about the Sabbath School Convention at Hamilton. I joined the clergy on the cliff, where was a fine expansive view of the ocean lake, which looked calm enough then, but we had known it pretty angry the night of our Goderich voyage. Again I diverged from them in little circles of visits to houses, and as we wandered along on the heights above the river I went into a house or two where I was well received and listened to, but there was a look about them which showed something was wrong, or that little influence was brought to bear upon them from without. Here was a field for a City Mission, which is after all the right way of evangelising the masses. There should be no exclusive visiting of this Church or the other, but we should go into the streets and lanes of the city, into the highways and country parts, to compel them to come in, that the Lord's house may be filled. Of this, however, our friends the clergy here and elsewhere that we went to seemed to have no idea, nor does the Bishop encourage it. In our Church in this country and at home we have lost scores of thousands by this want of activity and by our too great "dignity." The greatest parts of those who now worship elsewhere belonged not long ago to the Church of England, and those who go nowhere, or next to it, also nominally own to that Church to a great degree. I called at several houses in the town. In one was a Gaelic woman, far from any worship she could understand. Another girl opened a door who seemed to belong to the fallen class. On returning to the house we conversed in the drawing room, and after tea there was some music, as Mr. Carmichael sings well. I went over the way with two of the clergy, where we had good beds and I had the state room. The clergy slept in one bed in another room.

Early next morning we were all astir, and after taking leave of our kind hosts, the Duboudiens, started in two conveyances for Clinton, taking Mr. Johnston's Church at ——— on our way. The village of Egmondsville was also connected with Mr. Johnston's Mission. We found it cold driving, and Mr. Carmichel and I got out to run along, holding on by the waggon at the back. They rather wondered at the wholesale giving of tracts, and laughed at the tollgate keeper supposing by my question of "Had they any tracts?" that I asked if she was "making tracks," a slang term for getting away out of the country. The fields were well cultivated, and again I had to remark the English well-to-do appearance of everything. The town we stopped at was the most stirring of all we had seen; the country streets, if I may use the term, were alive with business. The church, which was quite new, was well filled with worshippers and candidates.

Here again was the Communion, but I managed to slip out and give tracts to those who left, and then I returned to the closing Service and again gave tracts afterwards. The people were grateful. The conveyances then arrived and we started for Clinton, and arrived after a pleasant drive through a cultivated, civilized country, the more pleasing after the wild, bad roads and thick forests we had traversed before. Clinton is a well-to-do, cheerful and almost bustling place, with a handsome new church, lately built at a considerable expense, the old one having been destroyed by fire. We passed large flour mills and then arrived at Mr. Johnston's house. He is minister of the last two places we were in, but lives at Clinton, in a not very comfortable cottage. He has a large family, and the wife did not look very happy. What I have seen of Mr. Johnston I like; he has more of that disposition to manifest spiritual things and to be ready to speak of them, and to sympathise on the subject of union, than any of the clergy I have met with, except perhaps good old Mr. Hutchinson. Mr. Carmichael is immensely popular at Clinton, which I found on conversing with the people; and I had heard the same before. He has a good mien and gentlemanly manner. No doubt time is required to appreciate a minister, and Mr. Carmichael can bear the test. His health is not good, and he has not long returned from a visit to England on that account. The Bishop has not put him to an extensive Mission, so that he has not much more than the town to attend to. This gives him a great advantage with his flock. He has the Irish brogue *pur et naturel*, but it is of the pleasing type, which does not actually make you laugh but keeps you always in the reverse of ill-humour with the man. The Bishop had to go on to another Confirmation this afternoon, so there was no time to stop for dinner. He and Mr. Marsh just got a snack and drove on. There did not seem to be room for me, as other clergy went, so I remained and finished dinner with Mrs. Johnston, who had been waiting some time for us and then found all in a hurry-scurry after all. I tried to make matters look settled and partook of an excellent plum pudding which was brought in after the others had left. In the afternoon I visited some of the houses on the City Mission plan and had some useful talk with various characters. One young man seemed impressed and anxious if he could to take the right step, but I fear it was a convenient season he was waiting for. Tracts were not given regularly, and I found that since some little disagreements with the Scotch about selling Bibles with the Scotch version at the end, when our canny friends had to go to the wall and the Methodists and Church of England had carried the day against them, that after this tract distribution

had not gone on so well. Thus Christians get cold to one another, pride has to be satisfied and good works fall off. Mr. Carmichael was not aware of this, though he had been concerned in the above, and he would maintain to me that tracts were given well in the town. When he heard the above he promised to enquire about it. About five I went up to Mr. Carmichael's and found Mrs. Carmichael at home. She is a nice lady-like young person, not long out, I believe, from Ireland. In due time the episcopal party came in, and I went to Mrs. Johnston to get her to come up to tea. We washed our hands and went to see the little children. Mr. Elwood was with us and of course a favorite. Tea was a genial, hospitable affair. I returned with the Johnstons, who gave me a bed off the drawing room. I was comfortable, and in short must feel much obliged to all my kind acquaintances of the clergy in this tour who have entertained me and made me feel quite at home. Next morning I explored before breakfast a flour mill in the town, and had some talk with the proprietor. About eleven we started in the omnibus for the station, where we had to wait some time for the train. Tracts were given and some useful conversation with persons there, among them one who enlightened Mr. Carmichael as to the true state of the tract distribution referred to. About one we arrived at Goderich again, and were hospitably entertained by the Elwoods, I putting up at the hotel. It was a little difficult to find one's way at night thereto, for the town is constructed in a strange manner; converging roads are round a circle, a large bare space in which there is an ugly market. You pass round the circle, and if you do not know exactly which road your hotel is in you may go round and round for a long time, as all the roads are so like one another. At night this is so confusing that Mr. Elwood that evening himself directed me down the wrong road, which I did not find was so until on going some way I missed the features familiar to me. Of course this gave us a laugh at the Rector as it was after a dinner party at Mr. Thomas'. We were invited there and found a pleasant small gentlemen's party. Mr. Thomas is manager of the Montreal Bank, and has a good house. This is always the case in Canada. The banks are the principal buildings and always handsome and imposing. Business is no doubt advanced by these good appearances, while the manager gets the benefit by enjoying a capital house, more like that of a prince than anything else. This is of course especially the case at the large cities, such as Montreal, Toronto, Kingston, London, &c. The dinner was excellent and *recherché*, and one of the party (Dr. Widder) entertained us with a most singular story of a disease he had met with in the wilds of

Canada that may safely challenge any other country to produce the like. It was a grunting, barking affection, that was painful to witness and hear; the family were otherwise in good health and ate and drank like other people, but were so wasted by the complaint that they could not rise from their beds, but lay in their cottage helpless, miserable and emaciated to the greatest degree. They are a fine family, consisting of husband, wife and several grown-up sons and daughters. So bad is it that the parish (as we call it) had to support them out of the public funds. There they remain, apparently in idleness and sloth, and at first sight one would imagine they are taking-in the good folks who help them, but Dr. Widder thought the disease was real, although not within any medical experience. He described how he accompanied some magistrate and others to ascertain the real state of the case, coming upon them unawares; how they found them all in bed, as they visited the family at dead of night; how they tried to get one after another out of their filthy beds on to the floor, but as one after another was awoke they began that piercing, dreadful howl, which shewed they were suffering actual pain from being thus disturbed. While they lay still they were quiet, but as each was moved a fresh cry arose from each until the whole of the cabin was one scene of confusion, noise and misery. He described how emaciated and wretched the bodies of these well-formed and even handsome young people were, and yet there they lay. Food was brought to them by persons appointed to watch over them, and they could not and would not do anything whatever for themselves. Previous to the authorities interfering, the cottages and its inmates became a

UNFINISHED.